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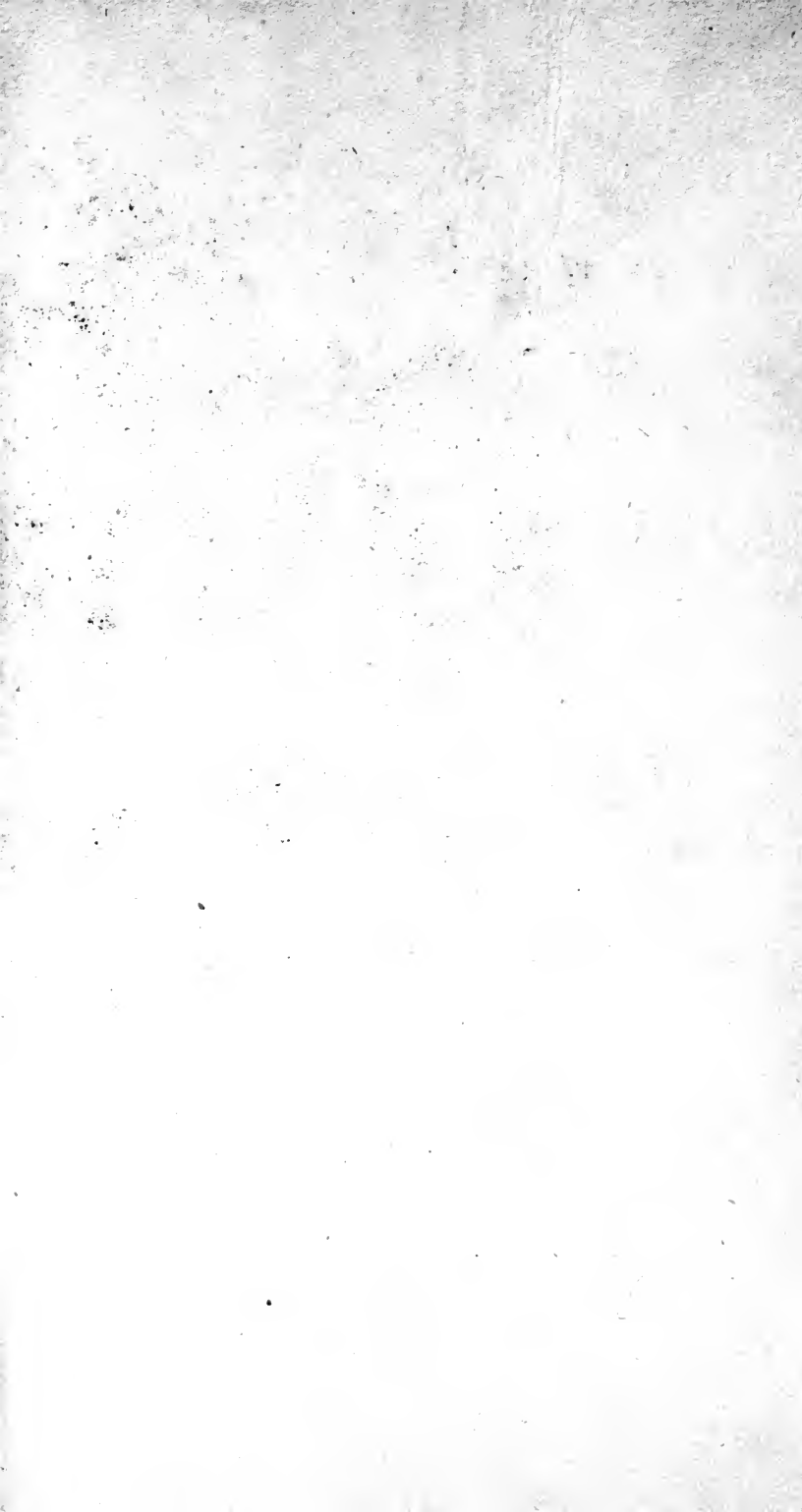
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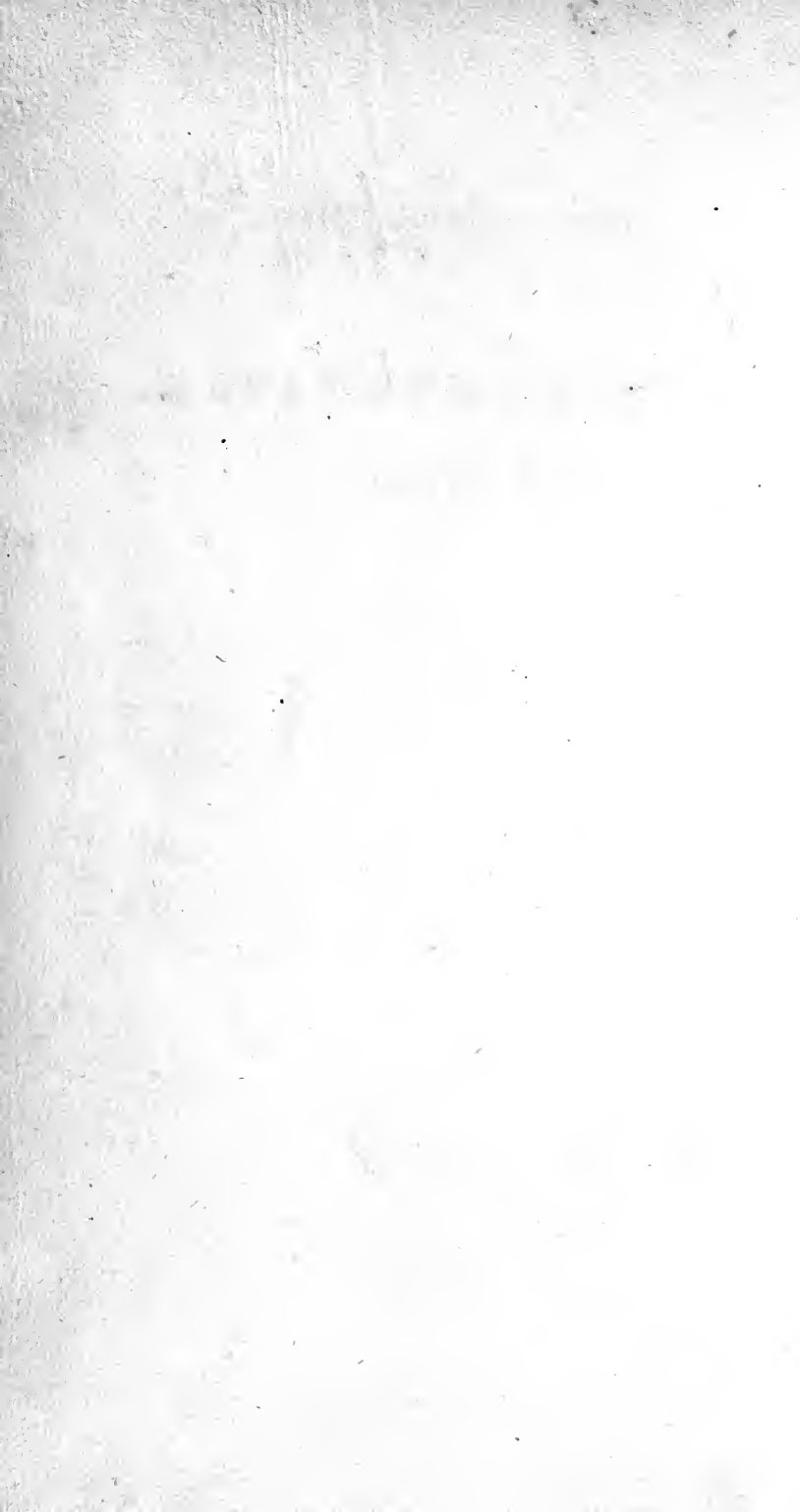
Ephraim Kahn











**BRACEBRIDGE HALL,**  
**OR**  
**THE HUMOURISTS.**

**A Medley,**

**BY**

**GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.**

---

Under this cloud I walk, Gentlemen. I am a traveller, who, having surveyed most of the terrestrial angles of this globe, am hither arrived, to peruse this little spot.

**CHRISTMAS ORDINARY.**

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**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. I.**

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**NEW-YORK:**

**PRINTED BY C. S. VAN WINKLE,**

**No. 101 Greenwich Street.**

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**1822.**

*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fifth day of April, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America C. S. Van Winkle, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“Bracebridge Hall, or the Humourists. A Medley, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. ‘Under this cloud I walk, gentlemen. I am a traveller, who, having surveyed most of the terrestrial angles of this globe, am hither arrived, to peruse this little spot.’—*Christmas Ordinary* In two volumes. Vol. I.”

IN CONFORMITY to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also, to an act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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**BRACEBRIDGE HALL.**



## THE AUTHOR.

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WORTHY READER !

IN again taking pen in hand I would fain make a few observations at the outset, by way of bespeaking a right understanding. The volumes which I have already published have met with a reception far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I would willingly attribute this to their intrinsic merits; but, in spite of the vanity of authorship, I cannot but be sensible that their success has, in a great measure, been owing to a less flattering cause. It has been a matter of marvel, at least to the European part of my readers, that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English. I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand instead of on his head,

and there was a curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society.

This novelty is now at an end, and with it, in all probability, the feeling of indulgence which it produced. I must now expect to bear the scrutiny of sterner criticism, and to be measured by the same standard with contemporary writers; and the very indulgence that has been shown to my previous writings, will cause these to be treated with the greater rigour.

I am aware that I often travel over a beaten ground, and treat of subjects that have been already discussed by abler pens. Indeed, various authors have been mentioned as my models, to whom I should feel flattered if I thought I bore the slightest resemblance. I write after no model that I am conscious of; and I write with no idea of imitation or competition. In venturing occasionally on subjects that have already been almost exhausted by English authors, I do it, not with the presumption of challenging a comparison, but because I trust there will be some new interest given to them, when discussed by

the pen of a stranger. If, therefore, I should occasionally be found dwelling with fondness on topics that are trite and commonplacèd with the reader, I beg the circumstances under which I write may be kept in recollection. I have been born and brought up in a new country; yet educated from infancy in the literature of an old one. My mind has gradually been filled with historical and poetical associations, which were connected with places, and manners, and customs of Europe, but could rarely be applied to those of my own country. With a mind thus peculiarly prepared, the most trivial and commonplacèd objects and scenes, on first landing in Europe, were full of interest and novelty.

Indeed, it is difficult to describe the whimsical medley of ideas that rush at once upon a stranger in such peculiar predicament. He for the first time sees a world about which he has been thinking in every stage of his existence. The recollections of infancy, youth, and manhood; of the nursery, the school, and the study, come swarming upon him; distracting

his attention between great and little objects, and each perhaps producing equal delight.

Such, for instance, was the odd confusion of associations that kept breaking upon me as I first approached London. One of my earliest wishes had been to see it; I had heard so much of it in childhood; I had read so much about it in the earliest books that had been put in my infant hands; I was familiar with the names of its streets, and squares, and public places, before I knew those of my native city. It was, to me, the great centre of the world, round which every thing seemed to revolve. I recollect contemplating so wistfully, when a boy, a paltry little print of the Thames, and London Bridge, and St. Paul's, that was in front of a magazine; even the venerable wood-cut of St. John's gate, that has stood time out of mind on the title page of the Gentleman's Magazine, was not without its charms for me.

How my bosom thrilled when the towers of Westminster Abbey were pointed out to me, rising above the rich groves of St. James'



Park, with a thin blue haze about their gray pinnacles.

I could not behold this great mausoleum of what is most illustrious in our paternal history without feeling all my enthusiasm in a glow; nor can I forbear to mention, on the other hand, the delightful, yet childish interest with which I first peeped into Mr. Newberry's shop in St. Paul's church yard; that fountain head of literature. Mr. Newberry was the first that ever filled my infant mind with the idea of a great and good man. He published all the picture books of the day, Tom Thumb's Folio, Giles Gingerbread, and Jack the Giant Killer; and out of his abundant love for children, he demanded nothing for the paper and print, and only a penny halfpenny for the binding!

But what have most especially attracted my attention, and have afforded a continually recurring source of pleasure, have been those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one. I have never yet grown so familiar with the

crumbling monuments of foregone ages, as to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was in a manner in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and where the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement, there was something inexpressibly touching in these enormous piles, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deepfelt enjoyment with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Fentern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, as though it had existed merely for itself. Or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky promontory, a mere hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape, giving proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, among the ever springing and reviving fertility of nature.

In like manner have I been affected by every thing antique and obsolete in manners and customs; and I mention these circumstances as an apology for often recurring to such themes; and betraying, occasionally, a provincial ignorance and delight respecting them, which must provoke a smile from my wiser and more experienced reader. Having been brought up, also, in the comparative simplicity of a republic, I am apt to be struck with even the ordinary circumstances attendant on an aristocratical state of society. I have amused myself occasionally, therefore, by pointing out some of the eccentricities, and some of the poetical characteristics of the latter, without pretending to decide on its merits, compared with any other form of government. My only aim is to paint manners and characters, such as I see them. I am no politician. The more I have considered politics, the more I have found it full of perplexity; and as in religion, I have contented myself with the faith in which I have been brought up; regulating my own conduct by its precepts; but

leaving to abler heads the task of making converts.

I shall continue on, therefore, in the course I have hitherto pursued ; looking at things poetically rather than politically, describing them as they are, rather than pretending to point out how they should be, and endeavouring to see the world in as pleasant a light, as circumstances will permit.

I have always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humour with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy, but I shall continue to practise it until convinced of its fallacy. When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also; in the mean while, worthy reader, I hope you will not think lightly of me, because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a world as it is represented.

Thine truly,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

## THE HALL.

---

The ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping in this county or the next: and though the master of it write but 'Squire, I know no lord like him.

“MERRY BEGGARS.”

---

THE reader, if he has perused the volumes of the Sketch Book, will probably recollect something of the Bracebridge family, with which I once passed a Christmas. I am now on another visit to the Hall, having been invited to a wedding, which is shortly to take place. The Squire's second son, Guy, a fine spirited young captain in the army, is about to be married to his father's ward, the fair Julia Templeton. A gathering of relatives and friends has already commenced to celebrate the joyful occasion; for the old gentleman is an enemy to quiet, private weddings. “There is nothing,” he says, “like launching a young couple gaily,

and cheering them from the shore : a good outset is half the voyage."

Before proceeding any farther, I would beg that the Squire might not be confounded with that class of hard riding, fox hunting gentlemen, so often described, and, in fact, so nearly extinct in England. I use this rural title partly because it is his universal appellation throughout the neighbourhood, and partly because it saves me the frequent repetition of his name ; which is one of those rough old English names, at which Frenchmen exclaim in despair.

The Squire is, in fact, a lingering specimen of the old English country gentleman, rusticated a little by living almost entirely on his estate ; and something of a humourist, as Englishmen are apt to become, when they have an opportunity of living in their own way. I like his hobby passing well, however, which is a bigotted devotion to old English manners and customs ; it jumps a little with my own humour, having as yet a lively and unsated curiosity about the ancient and genuine characteristics of my "father land."



There are some traits about this family, also, which appear to me to be national. It is one of those old aristocratical families which I believe are peculiar to England, and scarcely understood in other countries ; that is to say, families of the ancient gentry, who, though destitute of titled rank, maintain a high ancestral pride, who look down upon all nobility of recent creation, and would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to merge the venerable name of their house in a modern title.

This feeling is very much fostered by the importance which they enjoy in their hereditary domains. The family mansion is an old manor house, standing in a retired and beautiful part of Yorkshire. Its inhabitants have been regarded through the surrounding country as the "great ones of the earth," and the little village near the Hall, looks up to the Squire with almost feudal homage. I am again quartered in the pannelled chamber, in the antique wing of the house. The prospect from my window, however, has quite a different aspect from that it

wore on my winter visit. Though early in the month of April, yet a few warm sunshiny days have drawn forth the early beauties of the spring. The parterres of the old fashioned garden are already gay with flowers, and the gardener has brought out his exotics and placed them along the stone ballustrades. The trees are clothed with green buds and tender leaves ; when I open my window I smell the odour of mignonette, and hear the hum of the bees from the flowers against the sunny wall ; with the varied song of the throstle and the notes of the tuneful little wren.

While sojourning in this strong hold of old fashions, I shall be tempted to make some occasional sketches of the scenes and characters before me ; mingled with anecdotes and remarks of what I have seen and thought and felt, in the course of my ramblings. In a word, I shall make use of the leisure which is now afforded me, to clear off the motley contents which are apt to accumulate in a traveller's portfolio.

## THE BUSY MAN.

---

A decayed gentleman, lives most upon his own mirth and my master's means, and much good do him with it ; he is the finest companion of all ; he does hold my master up with his stories and songs and catches, and such tricks and jigs, you would admire—he is with him now.

JOVIAL CREW.

---

By no one has my return to the Hall been more heartily greeted than by Mr. Simon Bracebridge, or Master Simon, as the Squire most commonly calls him. I encountered him just as I entered the park, where he was breaking a pointer, and he received me with all the hospitable cordiality with which a man welcomes a friend to another one's house. I have already introduced him to the reader, as a brisk old bachelor looking little man ; the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connexion, and the Squire's factotum. I found him, as usual, full of bustle, with a thousand petty things to

do, and persons to attend to ; and in chirping good humour ; for there are few happier beings than a busy idler ; that is to say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him the morning after my arrival, in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion ; as he says he likes to be to himself, and out of the way. He has fitted it up in his own taste ; so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangements. The furniture is made up of odd pieces from all parts of the house, chosen on account of their suiting his notions, or fitting some corner of his apartment, and he is very eloquent in praise of an ancient elbow chair ; from which he takes occasion to digress into a censure on modern chairs, as having degenerated from the dignity and comfort of high backed antiquity.

Adjoining to his room is a small cabinet, which he calls his study. Here are some hanging shelves, of his own construction, on which are several old works on hawking, hunting, and

farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of compliment to the Squire ; together with the novellist's magazine, the sporting magazine, the racing kalender, a volume or two of the Newgate kalender, a book of peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet ; and about the walls of his apartment are hooks to hold his fishing tackle, whips, spurs, and a favourite fowling piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inherits from his grandfather. He has also a couple of old single keyed flutes, and a fiddle, which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself : affirming it to be a veritable cremona, though I have never heard him extract a single note from it that was not enough to make one's blood run cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of mid-day, drowsily sawing some long forgotten tune ; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have any thing to

do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use, is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the Hall ; and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations ; there are half copied sheets of music ; designs for needlework ; sketches of landscapes, very indifferently executed ; a camera lucida ; a magic lanthorn, for which he is endeavouring to paint glasses ; in a word, it is the cabinet of a man of many accomplishments, who knows a little of every thing, and does nothing well.

After I had spent some time in his apartment, admiring the ingenuity of his small inventions, he took me about the establishment to visit the stables, dog kennel, and other dependencies ; in which he appeared like a general visiting the different quarters of his camp ; as the Squire leaves the control of all these matters to him, when he is at the Hall.



He inquired into the state of the horses ; examined their feet ; prescribed a drench for one and bleeding for another ; and then took me to look at his own horse, on the merits of which he dwelt with great prolixity, and which I noticed had the best stall in the stable.

After this I was taken to what he termed the falconry, to see a famous hawk which he was training ; for he told me he would show me, in a few days, some rare sport of the good old fashioned kind. In the course of our round I remarked that the grooms, gamekeeper, whippers-in, and other retainers, seemed all to be on somewhat of a familiar footing with Master Simon, and fond of having their joke with him ; though it was evident they had great deference for his opinion in matters relating to their functions.

There was one exception, however, in old Christy, a testy old huntsman as hot as a pepper-corn, a meagre wiry old fellow that seemed made of buckram and whalebone. He wore a threadbare velvet jockey cap, and a pair of

leather breeches, that, from much wear, shone as though they had been japanned. He was very contradictory and pragmatical, and apt, as I thought, to differ from Master Simon now and then out of mere captiousness. This was particularly the case with respect to the treatment of the hawk, which Master Simon insisted he would ruin if he went on as he was doing. The latter made a most pedantic clatter about *casting*, and *imping*, and *gleaming*, and *enseaming*, and giving her the *rangle*, about all which I saw old Christy knew as little as I did myself ; but, notwithstanding, he maintained his point most doggedly ; and I was surprised to see the good nature with which Master Simon gave up to him.

Master Simon explained the matter to me afterwards. Old Christy is the most ancient servant on the place, having lived among dogs and horses the greater part of a century, and been in the service of Mr. Bracebridge's father. He knows the pedigree of every horse on the place, and has bestrode the great great grand-

sires of most of them. He can give a circumstantial detail of every fox hunt for the last sixty or seventy years; and has a history for every stag's head about the house, and every hunting trophy nailed to the door of the dog kennel.

All the present race have grown up under his eye, and humour him in his old age. He once attended the Squire to Oxford when he was a student there, and enlightened the whole university with his hunting lore. All this is enough to make the old man opinionated, since he finds on all these matters of first rate importance he knows more than the rest of the world.

Indeed, Master Simon had been his pupil, and acknowledges that he derived his first knowledge in hunting from the instructions of old Christy: and I much question whether the old man does not still look upon him as rather a green horn.

On our return, just as we were crossing the lawn in front of the Hall, we heard the porter's bell ring at the lodge; and shortly after a kind of cavalcade advanced slowly up the avenue.

On sight of it Master Simon paused and considered it for a moment, and then, making a sudden exclamation, hurried away to meet it. As it approached I discerned a fair, fresh looking, elderly lady, dressed in an old fashioned riding habit, and a large white beaver hat, with a very broad brim. She was riding on a white pony, followed by a fat footman in rich livery, mounted on an over-fed hunter. At a little distance in the rear was an ancient cumbersome chariot, drawn by two very corpulent horses, and driven by as corpulent a coachman, beside whom sat a page dressed in fanciful green livery. Inside of the chariot was a starched prim figure, with a look somewhat between a lady's companion and a lady's maid; and a pampered cur was perched at each window.

There was a general turning out of the garrison at the Hall to receive this new comer. The Squire assisted her to alight; and saluted her affectionately on each cheek; the fair Julia flew into her arms, and they embraced with the

romantic fervour of boarding school friends ; she was escorted into the house by Julia's lover, towards whom she showed distinguished favour ; and a line of the old servants who had collected in the Hall, bowed most profoundly as she passed. I observed that Master Simon was extremely assiduous in his attentions upon this old lady. He walked by the side of her pony up the avenue ; and while she was receiving the salutations of the rest of the family, he took occasion to notice the fat old coachman ; to pat the sleek carriage horses, and above all, to say a civil word to my lady's gentlewoman, the prim, sour looking vestal in the chariot. I had no more of his company for the rest of the morning. He was swept off in the vortex that followed in the wake of this lady. Once indeed he paused for a moment as he was hurrying by me, on some errand of the good lady's, to let me know that this was Lady Lillycraft, a sister of the Squire's ; of large fortune, which the captain would inherit, and that her estate lay in one of the best hunting countries in all England !

## FAMILY SERVANTS.

---

Verily old servants are the vouchers of worthy housekeeping. They are like rats in a mansion, or mites in a cheese, bespeaking the antiquity and fatness of their abode.

---

IN my casual anecdotes of the Hall I may often be tempted to dwell on circumstances of a trite and trivial nature, from their appearing to me illustrative of genuine national character. It seems to be the study of the Squire to adhere, as much as possible, to what he considers the old landmarks of English manners. His servants all understand his ways, and for the most part have been accustomed to them from infancy; so that, upon the whole, his household presents one of the few tolerable specimens that can now be met with, of the establishment of an English country gentleman of the old school.

By the bye, the servants are not the least characteristic part of the household. The

housekeeper, for instance, has been born and brought up at the Hall, and has never been twenty miles from it; yet she has a stately air, that would not disgrace a lady that had figured at the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

I am half inclined to think that she has caught it from living so much among the old family pictures. It may, however, be owing to a consciousness of her importance in the sphere in which she has always moved; for she is greatly respected in the neighbouring village and among the farmer's wives; and has high authority in the household; ruling over the servants with quiet, but undisputed sway.

She is a thin old lady, with blue eyes and pointed nose and chin. Her dress is always the same as to fashion. She wears a small, well starched ruff, a laced stomacher, full petticoats, and a gown festooned and open in front; which on particular occasions is of ancient silk; the legacy of some former dame of the family, or an inheritance from her mother, who was housekeeper before her. I have a reverence for these old garments, as I make no

doubt they have figured about these apartments in days long past, when they have set off the charms of some peerless family beauty; and I have sometimes looked from the old house-keeper to the neighbouring portraits, to see whether I could not recognize her antiquated brocade in the dress of some one of those long waisted dames that smile on me from the walls.

Her hair, which is quite white, is frizzed out in front, and she wears over it a small cap, nicely plaited, and brought down under the chin. Her manners are simple and primitive; heightened a little by a proper dignity of station. The Hall is her world, and the history of the family the only history she knows; excepting that which she has read in the bible. She can give a biography of every portrait in the picture gallery, and is a complete family chronicle.

She is treated with great consideration by the Squire. Indeed, Master Simon tells me that there is a traditional anecdote current among the servants, of the Squire's having been seen kissing her in the picture gallery, when they were



both young. As, however, nothing farther was ever noticed between them, the circumstance caused no great scandal ; only she was observed to take to reading Pamela shortly afterwards, and refused the hand of the village inn keeper, whom she had previously smiled on.

The old butler, who was formerly footman, and a rejected admirer of her's, used to tell the anecdote now and then, at those little cabals that will occasionally take place among the most orderly servants, arising from the common propensity of the governed to talk against administration ; but he has left it off of late years, since he has risen into place, and shakes his head rebukingly when it is mentioned. It is certain that the old lady will to this day dwell on the looks of the Squire when he was a young man at college ; and she maintains that none of his sons can compare with their father when he was of their age, and was dressed out in his full suit of scarlet ; with his hair craped and powdered, and his three cornered hat.

She has an orphan niece, a pretty, soft hearted

baggage, named Phoebe Wilkins, who has been transplanted to the Hall within a year or two, and been nearly spoiled for any condition of life. She is a kind of attendant and companion of the fair Julia ; and from loitering about the young lady's apartments, reading scraps of novels, and inheriting second hand finery, has become something between a waiting maid and a slipshod fine lady.

She is considered a kind of heiress among the servants ; as she will inherit all her aunt's property ; which, if report be true, must be a round sum of good golden guineas, the accumulated wealth of two housekeeper's savings ; not to mention the hereditary wardrobe, and the many little valuables and knick-knacks treasured up in the housekeeper's room. Indeed the old housekeeper has the reputation among the servants and the villagers of being passing rich ; and there is a japanned chest of drawers and a large iron-bound coffer in her room, which are supposed by the housemaids to hold treasures of wealth.

The old lady is a great friend of Master Simon's ; who indeed pays a little court to her, as to a person high in authority ; and they have many discussions on points of family history, in which, notwithstanding his extensive information, and pride of knowledge, he commonly admits her superior accuracy. He seldom returns to the Hall after one of his visits to the other branches of his family, without bringing Mistress Wilkins some remembrance from the ladies of the house where he has been staying.

Indeed, all the children of the house look up to the old lady with habitual respect and attachment, and she seems almost to consider them as her own from their having grown up under her eye. The Oxonian, however, is her favourite, probably from being the youngest ; though he is the most mischievous, and has been apt to play tricks upon her from boyhood.

I cannot help mentioning one little ceremony, which I believe is peculiar to the Hall. After the cloth is removed at dinner, the old house-keeper sails into the room and stands behind the

Squire's chair ; when he fills her a glass of wine with his own hands, in which she drinks the health of the company in a truly respectful yet dignified manner, and then retires. The Squire received the custom from his father, and has always continued it.

There is a peculiar character about the servants of old English families that reside principally in the country.

They have a quiet, orderly, respectful mode of doing their duties. They are always neat in their persons, and appropriately, and, if I may use the phrase, technically dressed. They move about the house without hurry or noise ; there is nothing of the bustle of employment, or the voice of command ; nothing of that obtrusive housewifery that amounts to a torment. You are not persecuted by the process of making you comfortable. Yet every thing is done, and is done well. The work of the house is performed as if by magic, but it is the magic of system. Nothing is done by fits and starts, nor at awkward seasons ; the whole goes on like well-oiled clock-

work, where there is no noise nor jarring in its operations.

English servants, in general, are not treated with great indulgence, nor rewarded by many commendations; for the English are laconic and reserved towards their domestics; but an approving nod and a kind word from master or mistress goes as far here, as an excess of praise or indulgence elsewhere.

Neither do servants often exhibit any animated marks of affection to their employers; yet though quiet they are strong in their attachments; and the reciprocal regard of masters and servants, though not ardently expressed, is powerful and lasting in old English families.

The title of "an old family servant" carries with it a thousand kind associations in all parts of the world; and there is no claim upon the homebred charities of the heart more irresistible than that of having been "born in the house." It is common to see gray-headed domestics of this kind attached to an English family of the "old school," who continue in it

to the day of their death, in the enjoyment of steady unaffected kindness, and the performance of faithful unofficious duty. I think such instances of attachment speak well for both master and servant, and the frequency of them speaks well for national character.

I have met with several instances of epitaphs on the grave stones of such valuable domestics, recorded with the simple truth of natural feeling. I have two before me at this moment; one copied from a tomb-stone of a church-yard in Warwickshire :

“ Here lieth the body of Joseph Batte, confidential servant to George Birch, Esq. of Hamstead Hall. His grateful friend and master caused this inscription to be written in memory of his discretion, fidelity, diligence, and continence. He died (a bachelor) aged 84, having lived 44 years in the same family.

The other was taken from a tomb-stone in Eltham Church-yard :

“ Here lie the remains of Mr. James Tappy, who departed this life on the 8th of September,

1818, aged 84, after a faithful service of 60 years in one family, by each individual of which he lived respected, and died lamented by the sole survivor."

Few monuments, even of the illustrious, have given me the glow about the heart that I felt while copying this honest epitaph in the churchyard of Eltham. I sympathised with this "sole survivor" of a family mourning over the grave of this faithful follower of his race, who had been, no doubt, a living memento of times and friends that had passed away; and in considering this record of long and devoted service, I called to mind the touching speech of old Adam, in "As you like it," when tottering after the youthful son of his ancient master:

"Master go on and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty!"

## THE LOVERS.

---

Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

SONG OF SOLOMON.

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To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot; and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man and eke of woman; to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants; but it is certainly as interesting.

I have therefore derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inex-



perienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest ; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that “harbinger of spring,” was faintly heard from a distance ; the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterflies sported and toyed and coquetted in the air.

The fair Julia was leaning on her lover’s arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush on her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips ; while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change ; or that young people should ever grow

older ; or that blossoms should give way to fruit ; or that lovers should ever get married.

From what I have gathered of family anecdote, I understand that the fair Julia is the daughter of a favourite college friend of the Squire's, who after leaving Oxford had entered the army and served for many years in India, where he was mortally wounded in a skirmish with the natives. In his last moments he had, with a faltering pen, recommended his wife and daughter to the kindness of his early friend.

The widow and her child returned to England, helpless and almost hopeless. When Mr. Bracebridge received accounts of their situation, he hastened to their relief. He reached them just in time to soothe the last moments of the mother, who was dying of a consumption, and to make her happy in the assurance that her child should never want a protector.

The good Squire returned with his prattling charge to his strong hold, where he had brought her up with a tenderness truly paternal. As he has taken some pains to superintend her educa-

tion and form her taste, she has grown up with many of his notions, and considers him the wisest as well as the best of men. Much of her time too has been passed with Lady Lillycraft, who has instructed her in the manners of the old school, and enriched her mind with all kinds of novels and romances. Indeed, her ladyship has had a great hand in promoting the match between Julia and the captain, having had them together at her country seat, the moment she found there was an attachment growing up between them; the good lady being never so happy as when she has a pair of turtles cooing about her.

I have been pleased to see the fondness with which the fair Julia is regarded by the old servants at the Hall. She has been a pet with them from childhood, and every one seems to lay some claim to her education; so that it is no wonder that she should be extremely accomplished.

The gardener taught her to rear flowers, of which she is extremely fond. Old Christy, the pragmatical huntsman, softens when she approaches, and as she sits lightly and gracefully

in her saddle, claims the merit of having taught her to ride ; while the housekeeper, who almost looks upon her as a daughter, intimates that she first gave her an insight into the mysteries of the toilette ; having been dressing maid in her young days to the late Mrs. Bracebridge. I am inclined to credit this last claim, as I have noticed that the dress of the young lady had an air of the old school, though managed with native taste ; and that her hair was put up very much in the style of Sir Peter Lely's portraits in the picture gallery.

Her very musical attainments partake of this old fashioned character, and most of her songs are such as are not at the present day to be found on the piano of a modern performer. I have, however, seen so much of modern fashions, modern accomplishments, and modern fine ladies, that I relish this tinge of antiquated style, in so young and lovely a girl ; and I have had as much pleasure in hearing her warble one of the old songs of Herrick, or Carew, or Suckling, adapted to some simple old melody, as I have had

from listening to a lady amateur sky lark it, up and down, through the finest bravura of Rossini or Mozart.

We have very pretty music in the evenings, occasionally, between her and the captain; assisted sometimes by Master Simon, who scrapes dubiously on his violin; being very apt to get out, and to halt a note or two in the rear. Sometimes he even thrums a little on the piano, or takes a part in a trio, in which his voice can generally be distinguished by a certain quavering tone and an occasional false note.

I was praising the fair Julia's performance to him after one of her songs, when I found he took the whole credit of having formed her musical taste; assuring me that she was very apt; and indeed, summing up her whole character, in his knowing way, by adding that "she was a very nice girl, and had no nonsense about her."

## THE WIDOW.

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She was so charitable and piteous  
She would weep if that she saw a mouse  
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled ;  
Of small houndes had she, that she fed,  
With rost flesh, milke and wastel bread,  
But sore wept she, if any of them were dead,  
Or if men smote them with a yard smart.

CHAUCER.

---

I AM much better pleased with Lady Lillycraft than I fancied I should have been. Notwithstanding the little parade of her arrival, she has none of the petty stateliness that I imagined ; but, on the contrary, she has a degree of naïveté and simpleheartedness, if I may use the phrase, that mingles well with her old fashioned manners and harmless ostentation. She dresses in rich silks, with long waist ; she rouges considerably, and her hair, which is nearly white, is frized out, and put up with pins. Her face is pit-

ted with the small pox, but the delicacy of her features shows that she once may have been beautiful, and she has a very fair and well proportioned hand and arm, of which, if I mistake not, the good lady is still a little vain. I have had the curiosity to gather a few particulars concerning her. She was a great belle in town, between thirty and forty years since, and reigned for two seasons with all the insolence of beauty ; refusing several excellent offers, when she was unfortunately robbed of her charms and her lovers by an attack of the small pox. She retired immediately into the country ; where she some time after inherited an estate, and married a Baronet, a former admirer, whose passion had suddenly revived ; “ having,” as he said, “ always loved her mind rather than her person.”

The Baronet did not enjoy her mind and fortune above six months, and had scarcely grown very tired of her, when he broke his neck in a fox chase, and left her free, rich, and disconsolate. She has remained on her estate in the country ever since, and has never shown any

desire to return to town, and revisit the scene of her early triumphs and fatal malady. All her favourite recollections, however, revert to that short period of her youthful beauty.

She has no idea of town, but as it was at that time, and continually forgets that the place and people must have changed materially in half a century. She will often speak of the toasts of those days, as if still reigning; and until very recently, used to talk with delight of the royal family, and the beauty of the young princes and princesses. She cannot be brought to think of the present king, other than as an elegant young man, rather wild; but who danced a minuet divinely: and, before he came to the crown, would often mention him as the "sweet young prince."

She talks of the walks in Kensington gardens, where the gentlemen appeared in gold-lace coats and cocked hats, and the ladies in hoops, and swept so proudly along the grassy avenues; and she thinks the ladies let themselves sadly down in their dignity, when they gave up



cushioned head dresses and high heeled shoes. She has much to say too of the officers who were in the train of her admirers ; and speaks familiarly of many wild young blades, that are now perhaps hobbling about watering places with crutches and gouty shoes.

Whether the taste the good lady had of matrimony discouraged her or not I cannot say, but, though her merits and her riches have attracted many suitors, she has never been tempted to venture again into the happy state. This is singular too, for she seems to have a most soft and susceptible heart; is always talking of love and connubial felicity, and is a great stickler for old fashioned gallantry ; devoted attentions and eternal constancy on the part of the gentlemen.

She lives after her own taste. Her house, I am told, must have been built and furnished about the time of Sir Charles Grandison. Every thing about it is somewhat formal and stately ; but has been softened down into a degree of voluptuousness, characteristic of an old lady very tender hearted and romantic, and that loves her

ease. The cushions of the great arm chairs and wide sofas almost bury you when you sit down on them. Flowers of the most rare and delicate kind are stood about the room on little japaned stands, and sweet bays lie about the tables and mantle pieces. The house is full of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing birds, who are as carefully waited upon as she is herself.

She is dainty in her living, and a little of an epicure, living on white meats, and little lady-like dishes; though her servants have substantial old English fare, as their looks bear witness. Indeed, they are so indulged that they are all spoiled, and when they lose their present places they will be fit for no other. Her ladyship is one of those easy tempered beings that are always doomed to be much liked and ill served by their domestics, and cheated by all the world.

Much of her time is passed in reading novels, of which she has a most extensive library, and has a constant supply from the publishers in town. Her erudition in this line of literature is immense;

she has kept pace with the press for half a century. Her mind is stuffed with love tales of all kinds, from the stately amours of the old books of chivalry down to the last blue covered romance reeking from the printers: though she evidently gives the preference to those that came out in the days of her youth, when she was first in love. She maintains that there are no novels written now-a-days equal to Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison; and she places the Castle of Otranto at the head of all the romances.

She does a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood, and is imposed on by every beggar in the country. She is the benefactress of a village adjoining her estate; and takes an especial interest in all its love affairs. She knows of every courtship that is going on; every love-lorn damsel is sure to find a patient listener and a sage adviser in her ladyship. She takes great pains to reconcile all love quarrels; and should any faithless swain persist in his inconstancy, he is sure to draw on himself the good lady's violent indignation.

I have learned these particulars partly from Frank Bracebridge, and partly from Master Simon. I am now able to account for the assiduous attention of the latter to her ladyship. Her house is one of his favourite resorts, where he is a very important personage. He makes her a visit of business once a year, when he looks into all her affairs, which, as she is no manager, are apt to get into confusion. He examines the books of the overseer, and shoots about the estate, which he says is well stocked with game, notwithstanding that it is poached by all the vagabonds in the neighbourhood.

It is thought, as I before hinted, that the captain will inherit the greater part of her property, having always been her chief favourite; for in fact she is partial to a red coat. She has now come to the Hall to be present at his nuptials, having a great disposition to interest herself in all matters of love and matrimony.

## FAMILY RELIQUES.

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My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,  
The dimple on her cheek ; and such sweet skill  
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown :  
These lips look fresh and lively as her own.  
False colours last after the true be dead.  
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,  
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,  
Of all the music set upon her tongue,  
Of all that was past woman's excellence  
In her white bosom ; look, a painted board  
Circumscribes all !

DEKKER.

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AN old English family mansion is a fertile subject for study. It abounds with illustrations of former times, and traces of the tastes and humours and manners of successive generations. The alterations and additions in different styles of architecture, the furniture, plate, pictures, hangings ; the warlike and sporting implements of different ages and fancies, all furnish food for curious and amusing speculation. As the Squire

is very careful in collecting and preserving all family reliques, the Hall is full of remembrances of the kind. In looking about the establishment I can picture to myself the character and habits that have prevailed at different eras of the family history. I have mentioned, on a former occasion, the armour of the Crusader which hangs up in the Hall. There are, also, several jack-boots, with enormously thick soles and high heels, that belonged to a set of cavaliers, who filled the Hall with the din and stir of arms during the time of the covenanters. A number of enormous drinking vessels of antique fashion, with huge Venice glasses, and green hock glasses, with the apostles in relief on them, remain as monuments of a generation or two of hard livers, that led a life of roaring revelry, and first introduced the gout into the family.

I shall pass over several more such indications of temporary tastes of the Squire's predecessors; but I cannot forbear to notice a pair of antlers in the great Hall, which is one of the trophies of a hard-riding Squire of former times,

who was the Nimrod of these parts. There are many traditions of his wonderful feats in hunting still existing, which are related by Old Christy, the huntsman, who gets into a terrible passion if they are in the least doubted. Indeed, there is a frightful chasm a few miles from the Hall, which goes by the name of the Squire's leap, from his having cleared it in the ardour of the chase; there can be no doubt of the fact, for Old Christy shows the very dents of the horse's hoofs on the rocks on each side of the chasm.

Master Simon holds the memory of this squire in great veneration, and has a number of extraordinary stories to tell concerning him, which he repeats at all hunting dinners; and I am told that they wax more and more marvellous, the older they grow. He has also a pair of Rippon spurs, which belonged to this mighty hunter of yore, and which he only wears on particular occasions.

The place, however, which abounds most with mementos of past times, is the picture gallery; and there is something strangely pleasing,

though melancholy, in considering the long rows of portraits which compose the greater part of the collection. They furnish a kind of narrative of the lives of the family worthies, which I am enabled to read, with the assistance of the venerable housekeeper, who is the family chronicler, prompted occasionally by Master Simon. There is the progress of a fine lady, for instance, through a variety of portraits :—one represents her as a little girl, with a long waist and hoop, holding a kitten in her arms, and ogling the spectator out of the corners of her eyes, as if she could not turn her head. In another, we find her in the freshness of youthful beauty, when she was a celebrated belle, and so hard hearted as to cause several unfortunate gentlemen to run desperate and write bad poetry. In another, she is depicted as a stately dame, in the maturity of her charms, next to the portrait of her husband, a gallant colonel in full-bottomed wig and gold laced hat, who was killed abroad ; and finally, her monument is in the church, the spire of which may be seen from the window ;



where her effigy is carved in marble, and represents her as a venerable dame of seventy-six.

In like manner I have followed some of the family great men through a series of pictures, from early boyhood to the robe of dignity or truncheon of command, and so on by degrees, until they were garnered up in the common repository, the neighbouring church.

There is one group that particularly interested me. It consisted of four sisters of nearly the same age, who flourished about a century since, and, if I may judge from their portraits, were extremely beautiful. I can imagine what a scene of gayety and romance this old mansion must have been, when they were in the heyday of their charms; when they passed like beautiful visions through its halls, or stepped daintily to music in the revels and dances of the cedar gallery; or printed with delicate feet the velvet verdure of these lawns. How must they have been looked up to with mingled love, and pride, and reverence, by the old family servants; and

followed with almost painful admiration by the aching eyes of rival admirers. How must melody and song, and tender serenade have breathed about these courts, and their echoes whispered to the loitering tread of lovers. How must these very turrets have made the hearts of the young galliards thrill as they first discerned them from afar, rising from among the trees; and pictured to themselves the beauties casketed like gems within these walls.† Indeed, I have discovered about the place several faint records of this reign of love and romance, when the Hall was a kind of court of beauty.

Several of the old romances in the library have marginal notes expressing sympathy and approbation, where there are long speeches extolling ladies' charms, or protesting eternal fidelity, or bewailing the cruelty of some tyrannical fair one. The interviews, and declarations, and parting scenes of tender lovers, also bear the marks of having been frequently read, and are scored, and marked with notes of admiration, and have initials written on the margins; most of which

*Howas & Battlements of the  
Boson'd high in tiled trees.  
There sits some beauty lies.  
The Gemma of neighbouring*

annotations have the day of the month and year annexed to them. Several of the windows too, have scraps of poetry engraved on them with diamonds taken from the writings of the fair Mrs. Philips, the once celebrated Orinda. Some of these seem to have been inscribed by lovers; and others, in a delicate and unsteady hand, and a little inaccurate in the spelling, have evidently been written by the young ladies themselves, or by female friends who have been on visits to the Hall. Mrs. Philips seems to have been their favourite author, and they have distributed the names of her heroes and heroines among their circle of intimacy. Sometimes, in a male hand, the verse bewails the cruelty of beauty, and the sufferings of constant love; while, in a female hand, it prudishly confines itself to lamenting the parting of female friends. The bow window of my bed room, which has doubtless been inhabited by one of these beauties, has several of these inscriptions. I have one at this moment before my eyes, called,

## "CAMILLA PARTING WITH LEONORA.

"How perished is the joy that's past,  
The present how unsteady,  
What comfort can be great and last,  
When this is gone already."

And close by it is another, written, perhaps, by some adventurous lover who had stolen into the lady's chamber during her absence :

## "THEODOSIUS TO CAMILLA.

"I'd rather in your favour live,  
Than in a lasting name ;  
And much a greater rate would give  
For happiness than fame.

*Theodosius. 1700."*

When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness ; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think too that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers ; the whole empire of love and pleasure in which they ruled—all dead, all buried, all forgotten, I find a cloud of melancholy stealing over the present gayeties around me.

I was gazing, in a musing mood, this very morning, at the portrait of the lady whose husband was killed abroad ; when the fair Julia entered the gallery, leaning on the arm of the captain. The sun shone through the row of windows on her as she passed along, and she seemed to beam out each time into brightness, and relapse into shade, until the door at the bottom of the gallery closed after her. I felt a sadness at heart, at the idea that this was an emblem of her lot. A few more years of sunshine and shade, and all this life, and loveliness, and enjoyment, shall have ceased, and nothing shall be left to commemorate this beautiful being but one more perishable portrait ; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future loiterer, like myself, when I and my scribblings shall have lived through our brief existence, and been forgotten.

## AN OLD SOLDIER.

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I've worn some leather out abroad ; let out a heathen soul or two ; fed this good sword with the black blood of pagan Christians ; converted a few infidels with it. But let that pass.

THE ORDINARY.

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THE Hall was thrown into some little agitation a few days since, by the arrival of General Harbottle. He had been expected for several days ; and had been looked for rather impatiently, by several of the family. Master Simon assured me that I would like the general hugely, for he was a blade of the old school, and an excellent table companion. Lady Lillycraft also appeared to be somewhat fluttered on the morning of the General's arrival, for he had been one of her early admirers ; and she recollected him only as a dashing young ensign, just come upon the town. She actually spent an hour longer at her toilette, and made

her appearance with her hair uncommonly frizzed and powdered, and an additional quantity of rouge on her face. She was evidently a little surprised and shocked, therefore, at finding the little dashing ensign transformed into a corpulent old general, with a double chin ; though it was a perfect picture to witness their salutations : the graciousness of her profound curtsey, and the air of the old school, with which the general took off his hat, swayed it gently in his hand, and bowed his powdered head.

All this bustle and anticipation has caused me to study the general with a little more attention than, perhaps, I should otherwise have done ; and the few days that he has already passed at the Hall have enabled me, I think, to furnish a tolerable likeness of him to the reader.

He is, as Master Simon observed, a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pig tail. His face is shaped like the stern of a Dutch man of war, narrow at top and wide at bottom ; with full rosy cheeks and a double chin ; so that, to use the cant of the day, his

organs of eating may be said to be powerfully developed. The general, though a veteran, has seen very little active service, except the taking of Seringapatam, which forms an era in his history. He wears a large emerald in his bosom, and a diamond on his finger, which he got on that occasion, and whosoever is unlucky enough to notice either, is sure to involve himself in the whole history of the siege. To judge from the general's conversation, the taking of Seringapatam is the most important affair that has occurred for the last century.

On the approach of warlike times on the continent he was rapidly promoted to get him out of the way of younger officers of merit, until having been hoisted to the rank of general, he was quietly laid on the shelf. Since that time his campaigns have been principally confined to watering places, where he drinks the waters for a slight touch of the liver, which he got in India; and plays whist with old dowagers, with whom he has flirted in his younger days. Indeed he talks of all the fine women of the last half century;



and, according to hints which he now and then drops, has enjoyed the particular smiles of many of them.

He has seen considerable garrison duty, and can speak of almost every place famous for good quarters, and where the inhabitants give good dinners. He is a diner out of first rate currency, when in town ; being invited to one place because he has been seen at another. In the same way he is invited about to country seats, and can describe half the seats in the kingdom, from actual observation ; nor is any one better versed in court gossip, and the pedigrees and intermarriages of the nobility.

As the general is an old bachelor, and an old beau, and there are several ladies at the Hall, especially his quondam flame, Lady Jocelyne, he is put rather upon his gallantry. He commonly passes some time, therefore, at his toilette, and takes the field at a late hour every morning, with his hair dressed out and powdered, and a rose in his button hole. After he has breakfasted he walks up and down the ter-

race in the sunshine; humming an air, and hemming between every stave; carrying one hand behind his back, and with the other touching his cane to the ground, and then raising it up to his shoulder. Should he, in these morning promenades, meet any of the elder ladies of the family, as he frequently does Lady Jocelyne, his hat is immediately in his hand, and it is enough to remind one of those courtly groups of ladies and gentleman, in old prints of Windsor terrace or Kensington Garden.

He talks frequently about "the service," and is fond of humming the old song,

Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die!

I cannot discover, however, that the general has ever run any great risk of dying, except from an apoplexy or an indigestion. He criticises all the battles on the continent, and discusses the merits of the commanders, but never fails to bring the conversation ultimately to Tippoo

Saib and Seringapatam. He insists that Bonaparte was no general; and that he was a great coward for running away from the army after the battle of Leipsick, and for not putting himself in the way of being shot on the field of Waterloo. I am told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing rooms, parades, and watering places, during the late war, and was looked to with hope and confidence by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Bonaparte's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends punctually on levees when in town. He has treasured up many sayings of the late king's; particularly one which the king made to him on a field day, complimenting him on the excellence of his horse. He extols the whole royal family, but especially the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist player in Europe.

The general swears rather more than is the fashion of the present day; but it was the mode in the old school. He is, however, very strict

in religious matters ; and a staunch churchman. He repeats the responses very loud in church, and is emphatical in praying for the king and royal family.

The general is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and with every thing about him. He goes about from dinner to dinner and country seat to country seat, and wonders how people can be dissatisfied in a country where a man has nothing to do but to dine out at other people's expense and to loll on sofas. He is a thorough disbeliever in all tales about national ruin and public distresses ; which, he insists upon it, are all got up by the radicals ; and as to the poor, he swears they all starve out of mere idleness, or to bring the ministry into disgrace.

His loyalty waxes more fervent with his second bottle ; and the song of God Save the King puts him into an ecstasy.

His heart brimmed over with patriotism and good feeding this very day, at dinner, as he cast

his eyes about the ample board loaded with luxuries.

“They talk of public distress,” said the general to me, as he smacked a glass of rich Burgundy, “but where do we find it, sir? I see none, I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word for it, sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug!”

## THE WIDOW'S RETINUE.

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Little dogs and all !

LEAR.

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IN giving an account of the arrival of Lady Lillycraft at the Hall, I ought to have mentioned the entertainment which I derived from witnessing the unpacking of her carriage, and the disposing of her retinue. There is something extremely amusing to me in the number of factitious wants; the loads of imaginary conveniences, but real incumbrances, with which the luxurious are apt to burthen themselves. I like to watch the whimsical stir and display about one of these petty progresses. The number of robustious footmen and retainers of all kinds bustling about, with looks of infinite gravity and importance, to do almost nothing. The number

of heavy trunks and parcels, and band-boxes, belonging to my lady; and the solicitude exhibited about some odd looking box, by my lady's maid. The cushions piled in the carriage to make a soft seat still softer, and to prevent the dreaded possibility of a jolt. The smelling bottles; the cordials; the baskets of biscuit and fruit; the new publications; all provided to guard against hunger, fatigue, or ennui; the led horses to vary the mode of travelling; and all this preparation and parade to move, perhaps, some very good for nothing personage, about a little space of earth! It reminds me of the vast bustle and pains-taking of the redoubtable Belzoni, and his myrmidons of the Nile, to transport some Egyptian mummy; or, perhaps, to trundle off some mutilated statue at the rate of a few inches in an hour.

I do not mean to apply the latter part of these observations to Lady Lillycraft, for whose simple kindheartedness I have a very great respect, and who is really a most amiable and worthy being. I cannot refrain, however, from men-

tioning some of the motley retinue she has brought with her; and which, indeed, bespeak the overflowing kindness of her nature, which requires her to be surrounded with objects on which to lavish it.

In the first place, her ladyship has a pampered coachman, with a red face and cheeks that hang down like dew-laps. He evidently domineers over her a little with respect to the fat horses; and only drives out when he thinks proper, and when he thinks it will be good for the cattle.

She has a favourite page to attend upon her person—a handsome boy of about twelve years of age, but a mischievous varlet; very much spoiled, and in a fair way to be good for nothing. He is dressed in green, with a profusion of gold cord and gilt buttons about his clothes. She always has one or two attendants of the kind, who are replaced by others as soon as they grow to fourteen years of age. She has brought two dogs with her also, out of a number of pets which she maintains at home. One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr, though heaven defend me



from such a zephyr. He is fed out of all shape and comfort ; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head ; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. The other is a little old gray muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye that kindles like a coal if you only look at him ; his nose turns up, his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth ; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground ; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.

These dogs are full of elegant ailments unknown to vulgar dogs ; and are petted and nursed by Lady Lillycraft with the tenderest kindness. They are pampered and fed with delicacies by their fellow minion, the page, but their stomachs are often weak and out of order, so that they cannot eat ; though I have now and then seen the page give them a mischievous pinch

or thwack on the head when his mistress was not by. They have cushions for their express use, on which they lie before the fire, and yet are apt to shiver and moan, if there is the least draught of air. When any one enters the room they make a most tyrannical barking, that is absolutely deafening. They are insolent to all the other dogs of the establishment. There is a noble stag hound, a great favourite of the Squire's, who is a privileged visiter to the parlour, but the moment he makes his appearance, these intruders fly at him with furious rage, and I have admired the indifference and contempt with which he seems to look down upon his puny assailants. When her ladyship drives out, these dogs are generally carried with her to take the air; when they look out of each window of the carriage and bark at all vulgar pedestrian dogs. These dogs are a continual source of misery to the household; as they are always in the way; they every now and then get their toes trod on, and then there is a yelping on their part, and a loud lamentation on the part of their

mistress, that fills the room with clamour and confusion.

Lastly, there is her ladyship's waiting gentlewoman, Mrs. Hannah, a prim pragmatICAL old maid; one of the most intolerable and intolerant virgins that ever lived. She has kept her virtue by her, until it has turned sour, and now every word and look smacks of verjuice. She is the very opposite to her mistress, for one hates and the other loves all mankind. How they first came together I cannot imagine; but they have lived together for many years; and the Abigail's temper being tart and encroaching, and her ladyship's easy and yielding, the former has got the complete upper hand, and tyrannizes over the good lady in secret. Lady Lillycraft now and then complains of it, in great confidence, to her friends; but hushes up the subject immediately, if Mrs. Hannah makes her appearance. Indeed, she has been so accustomed to be attended by her, that she thinks she could not do without her; though one great study of her life is to keep Mrs. Hannah in good humour by little presents and kindnesses.

Master Simon has a most devout abhorrence, mingled with awe, for this ancient spinster. He told me the other day, in a whisper, that she was a cursed brimstone—in fact, he added another epithet, which I would not repeat for the world. I have remarked, however, that he is always extremely civil to her when they meet.

## READY MONEY JACK.

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My purse, it is my privy wyfe,  
This song I dare both syng and say,  
It keepeth men from grievous stryfe,  
When every man for hymself shall pay.  
As I ryde in ryche array  
For gold and sylver men wyll me floryshe,  
By this matter I dare well saye,  
Ever gramercy myne owne purse.

BOOK OF HUNTING.

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ON the skirts of the neighbouring village there lives a kind of small potentate, who, for aught I know, is a representative of one of the most ancient legitimate lines of the present day, for the empire over which he reigns has belonged to his family time out of mind. His territories comprise a considerable number of good fat acres, and his seat of power is in an old farm house, where he enjoys, unmolested, the stout oaken chair of his ancestors. The personage to whom

I allude is a sturdy old yeoman of the name of John Tibbets; or rather, Ready Money Jack Tibbets, as he is called throughout the neighbourhood.

The first place where he attracted my attention, was in the church-yard on Sunday; where he sat on a tomb-stone after the service, with his hat a little on one side, holding forth to a small circle of auditors; and, as I presumed, expounding the law and the prophets, until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse. He presented such a picture of a substantial English yeoman, as he is often described in books, mingled with some little finery, peculiar to himself, that I could not but take note of his whole appearance.

He was between fifty and sixty, of a strong muscular frame, and at least six feet high; with a physiognomy as grave as a lion's, and set off with short curling iron gray locks. His shirt collar was turned down, and displayed a neck covered with the same short, curling hair, and he

wore a coloured silk neck-cloth, tied very loosely, and tucked in at the bosom with a green paste broach on the knot. His coat was of dark green cloth with silver buttons; on each of which was engraved a stag, with his own name, John Tibbets, underneath. He had an inner waistcoat of figured chintz; between which and his coat was another of scarlet cloth, unbuttoned. His breeches were also left unbuttoned at the knees; not from any slovenliness, but to show a broad pair of scarlet garters. His stockings were blue, with white clocks; he wore large silver shoe buckles; a broad paste buckle in his hat band, his sleeve buttons were gold seven shilling pieces, and he had two or three guineas hanging as ornaments to his watch chain.

On making some inquiries about him, I gathered that he was descended from a line of farmers that had always lived on the same spot, and owned the same property; and that half of the church-yard was taken up with the tomb-stones of his race. He has all his life been an important character in the place. When a youngster he

was one of the most roaring blades of the neighbourhood. No one could match him at wrestling, pitching the bar, cudgel play, and other athletic exercises. Like the renowned Pinner of Wakefield, he was the village champion, carried off the prizes at all the fairs, and threw his gauntlet at the country round. Even to this day the old people talk of his prowess, and undervalue in comparison all heroes of the green that have succeeded him; nay, they say, that if Ready Money Jack were to take the field even now, there is no one could stand before him.

When Jack's father died, the neighbours shook their heads, and predicted that young hopeful would soon make way with the old homestead; but Jack falsified all their predictions. The moment he succeeded to the paternal farm, he assumed a new character; took a wife; attended resolutely to his affairs, and became an industrious thrifty farmer. With the family property he inherited a set of old family maxims to which he steadily adhered. He saw to every thing himself; put his own hand to the plough; work-



ed hard ; eat heartily ; slept soundly ; paid for every thing in cash down ; and never danced except he could do it to the music of his own money in both pockets. He has never been without a hundred or two pounds in golden guineas by him, and never allows a debt to stand against him. This has gained him his current name, of which, by the bye, he is a little proud ; and has caused him to be looked upon as a very wealthy man by all the village.

Notwithstanding his thrift, however, he has never denied himself the amusements of life ; but has taken a share in every passing pleasure. It is his maxim that “ he that works hard can afford to play.” He is therefore an attendant at all the country fairs and wakes, and has signalized himself by feats of strength and prowess on every village green in the shire. He often makes his appearance at horse races, and sports his half guinea, and even his guinea at a time ; keeps a good horse for his own riding ; and to this day is fond of following the hounds, and is generally in at the death. He keeps up the rus-

tic revels and hospitalities too, for which his paternal farm house has always been noted ; has plenty of good cheer and dancing at harvest home, and above all keeps the “ merry night,”\* as it is termed, at Christmas.

With all his love of amusement, Jack is by no means a boisterous jovial companion. He is seldom known to laugh in the midst of his gayety ; but maintains the same lion-like demeanour. He is very slow at comprehending a joke ; and is apt to sit puzzling at it with a perplexed look, while the rest of the company are in a roar. This gravity has perhaps grown on him with the growing weight of his character ; for he is gradually growing into patriarchal dignity in his native place. Though he no longer takes an active part in athletic sports, yet he always presides at them, and is appealed to on all occasions as umpire. He maintains the peace on the vil-

\* *Merry night.* A rustic merry making in a farm house about Christmas. There is abundance of homely fare : tea, cakes, fruit, and ale ; various feats of agility, amusing games, romping, dancing, and kissing withal. They commonly break up at midnight.

lage green at holyday games ; and quells all brawls and quarrels by collaring the parties and shaking them heartily, if refractory. No one ever pretends to raise a hand against him, or to contend against his decisions ; the young men having grown up in habitual awe of his prowess, and in implicit deference to him as the champion and lord of the green.

He is a regular frequenter of the village tavern ; the landlady having been a sweetheart of his in early life ; and he having always continued on kind terms with her. He seldom, however, drinks any thing but a draught of ale ; smokes his pipe, and pays his reckoning before leaving the bar room. Here he “ gives his little senate laws ; ” decides bets, which are generally referred to him ; determines upon the characters and qualities of horses, and indeed plays now and then the part of a judge in settling petty disputes between neighbours, which otherwise might have been nursed by country attorneys into tolerable lawsuits. Jack is very candid and impartial in his decisions, but he has not a head to car-

ry a long argument, and is very apt to get perplexed and out of patience if there is much pleading. He generally breaks through the argument with a strong voice, and brings matters to a summary conclusion, by pronouncing what he calls the "upshot of the business," or, in other words, "the long and the short of the matter."

Jack once made a journey to London a great many years since, which has furnished him with topics of conversation ever since. He saw the old king on the terrace at Windsor, who stopped and pointed him out to one of the princesses, being probably struck with Jack's truly yeoman-like appearance. This is a favourite anecdote with him, and has no doubt had a great effect in making him a most loyal subject ever since, in spite of taxes and poor's rates. He was, also, at Bartholomew fair, where he had half the buttons cut off his coat, and a gang of pickpockets, attracted by his external show of gold and silver, made a regular attempt to hustle him as he was gazing at a show; but for once they found that they had caught a tartar; for Jack enacted as

great wonders among the gang, as Samson did among the Philistines. One of his neighbours, who had accompanied him to town, and was with him at the fair, brought back an account of his exploits, which raised the pride of the whole village, who considered their champion as having subdued all London, and eclipsed the achievements of Friar Tuck, or even the renowned Robin Hood himself.

Of late years the old fellow has seemed to take things more easily; works less; and indulges in greater leisure; his son having grown up and succeeded to him, both in the labours of the farm, and the exploits of the green. Like all sons of distinguished men, however, his father's renown is a disadvantage to him; he can never come up to public expectation. Though a fine active fellow of three-and-twenty, and quite the "cock of the walk," yet the old people declare he is nothing like what Ready Money Jack was at his time of life. The youngster himself acknowledges his inferiority, and has a wonderful opinion of the old man, who

indeed taught him all his athletic accomplishments, and holds such a sway over him, that I am told even to this day he would have no hesitation to take him in hands, if he rebelled against paternal government.

The squire holds Jack in very high esteem, and shows him to all his visitors as a specimen of old English "heart of oak." He frequently calls at his house and tastes some of his home-brewed, which is excellent. He made Jack a present of old Tusser's "Hundredth points of good Husbandrie," which has furnished him with reading ever since, and is his text book and manual in all agricultural and domestic concerns. He has made dog's ears at the most favourite passages, and knows many of the poetical maxims by heart.

Tibbets, though not a man to be daunted or fluttered by high acquaintances, and though he cherishes a sturdy independence of mind and manner, yet is evidently gratified by the attentions of the Squire, whom he has known from boyhood, and pronounces "a true gentleman

every inch of him." He is, also, on excellent terms with Master Simon, who is a kind of privy counsellor to the family ; but his great favourite is the Oxonian, whom he taught to wrestle and play at quarter-staff when a boy, and considers the most promising young gentleman in the whole county.

## BACHELORS.

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The Bachelor most joyfully  
In pleasant plight doth pass his daies ;  
Good fellowship and companie  
He doth maintain and kepe alwaies.

EVANS' OLD BALLADS.

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THERE is no character in the comedy of human life that is more difficult to play well, than that of an old bachelor. When a single gentleman therefore arrives at that critical period when he begins to consider it an impertinent question be asked his age, I would advise him to look well to his ways. This period, it is true, is much later with some men than with others; I have witnessed more than once the meeting of two wrinkled old lads of this kind, who had not seen each other for several years, and have been amused by the amicable exchange of compliments on each other's appearance, that takes



place on such occasions. There is always one invariable observation. "Why, bless my soul! you look younger than when last I saw you!" Whenever a man's friends begin to compliment him about looking young, he may be sure that they think he is growing old.

I am led to make these remarks, by the conduct of Master Simon and the general, who have become great cronies. As the former is the youngest by many years, he is regarded as quite a youthful blade by the general, who moreover looks upon him as a man of great wit and prodigious acquirements. I have already hinted that Master Simon is a family beau, and considered rather a young fellow by all the elderly ladies of the connexion, for an old bachelor in an old family connexion, is something like an actor in a regular company; who seems to "flourish in immortal youth," and will continue to play the Romeos and Rangers for half a century together.

Master Simon, too, is a little of the camelion, and takes a different hue with every different companion. He is very attentive and courteous,

and somewhat sentimental with Lady Lillycraft ; copies out little namby pamby ditties and love songs for her, and draws quivers, and doves, and darts, and Cupids, to be worked on the corners of her pocket handkerchiefs. He indulges, however, in very considerable latitude with the other married ladies of the family, and has many sly pleasantries to whisper to them, that provoke an equivocal laugh and a tap of the fan. But when he gets among the young company, such as Frank Bracebridge, the Oxonian, and the general, he is apt to put on the mad-wag, and to talk in a very bachelor-like strain about the sex.

In this he has been encouraged by the example of the general, whom he looks up to as a man of the ton, that has seen the world. The general, in fact, tells shocking stories after dinner, when the ladies are gone, which he gives as some of the choice things that are served up at a knot of *bon vivants* in London, called the Mulligatawney Club. He also repeats a great many fat jokes of old Major Slingsby, the wit of the club, which the general can hardly relate for

laughing, though they always make the Squire look grave, who has a great antipathy to a bawdy jest. In a word, the general is a complete instance of that declension in gay life, by which a young man of pleasure is apt to cool down into an obscene old gentleman.

I saw him and Master Simon, an evening or two since, conversing with a buxom milkmaid in a meadow ; and from their elbowing each other now and then, and the general's shaking his shoulders, blowing up his cheeks, and breaking out into a short fit of irrepressible laughter, I had no doubt that they were playing the mischief with the girl.

As I looked at them through a hedge, I could not but think they would have made a tolerable group for a modern picture of Susannah and the two elders ; it is true, the girl seemed in no wise alarmed at the force of the enemy, and I question, had either of them been alone, whether she would not have been more than they would have ventured to encounter. Such veteran roysters are daring wags when together, and will put

any female to the blush with their jokes, but they are as quiet as lambs, when they fall singly into the clutches of a fine woman.

In spite of the general's years, he evidently is a little vain of his person, and ambitious of conquests. I have observed him on Sunday in church, eying the country girls most suspiciously, and have even seen him leer upon them, with a downright amorous look, even when he has been gallanting Lady Lillycraft with great ceremony through the church-yard. The general, in fact, is a veteran in the service of Cupid, rather than Mars, having signalized himself in all the garrison towns and country quarters, and seen service in every ball room of England. Not a celebrated beauty but he has laid siege to; and if his word may be taken in a matter wherein no man is apt to be veracious, it is incredible the success he has had with the fair. At present he is like a worn-out warrior retired from service, but who still cocks his beaver with a military air, and talks stoutly of fighting whenever he comes within the smell of gunpowder.

I have heard him speak his mind very freely over his bottle, about the folly of the captain in taking a wife, as he thinks a young soldier should care for nothing but his "bottle and kind landlady;" but, in fact, he says the service on the continent has played the mischief with the young men; they have been ruined by light wines and French quadrilles. They've nothing, he says, of the spirit of the old service. There are none of your six-bottle men left, that were the souls of a mess dinner, and used to play the very deuce among the women.

As to a bachelor, the general affirms, that he is a free and easy man, with no baggage to take care of but his portmanteau; but a married man, with his wife hanging on his arm, always puts him in mind of a chamber candlestick, with its extinguisher hitched to it.

I should not mind all this if it were merely confined to the general; but I fear he will be the ruin of my friend Master Simon, who already begins to echo his heresies, and to talk in the style of a gentleman that has seen life, and

lived upon the town. Indeed, he seems to have taken Master Simon in hand, and talks of showing him the lions in London next season, and of introducing him to the Mulligatawney Club. As he is continually quoting the sayings of this club, I have been curious to learn something about it. I find it is composed of a knot of old nabobs, officers, and other choice spirits that have seen service in India, and been burnt out with curry, and touched with the liver complaint. They meet regularly to eat Mulligatawney soup, smoke the Hookah, talk about Tippoo Saib and Seringapatam, and be tediously agreeable in each others' company.

## WIVES.

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Believe me man, there is no greater blisse  
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife;  
Which whoso wants, half of himselfe doth misse,  
Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,  
Food without fulnesse, counsaile without strife,  
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

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It is a great pity that plays and novels should always end at the wedding, and should not give us another act, and another volume, to let us know how the hero and heroine conducted themselves when married. Their main object seems to be to instruct young ladies how to get husbands; but not how to keep them; now, this last, it appears to me, is a desideratum in modern married life. It is appalling to those who have not yet ventured into the state to see how soon the flame of romantic love burns out, or is quench-

ed in matrimony ; and the passionate poetic lover, declines into the phlegmatic prosaic husband. I am inclined to attribute this very much to the defect I have just mentioned in the plays and novels which form the principal study of our young ladies ; and which teach them how to be heroines, but leave them totally at a loss when they come to be wives. I have lately, however, met with an exception to this practice, in an old writer, who has bravely attempted to support dramatic interest in favour of a woman even after she was married ! I was looking over an album of the fair Julia's, when I found a series of poetical extracts in the Squire's handwriting, which might have been intended as matrimonial advice to his ward. I was so much struck with the beauty of several of them, that I took the liberty of making a copy. They are from the old play of "The City Nightcap,"\* in which is drawn out and exemplified, in the part of Abstemia, a character of a patient and faithful wife ;

\* By Thomas Davenport, 1661.



which I think might vie with that of the renowned Griselda ; though I fear it would stand almost as little chance of being adopted as a model.

The following is a commendation of her to her husband Lorenzo :

She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence,  
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,  
She inflames love with wonder,) but because  
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.  
She's truly chaste; yet such a foe to coyness,  
• The poorest call her courteous; and which is excellent,  
(Though fair and young,) she shuns to expose herself  
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom  
Or never walks abroad but in your company;  
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if  
She were venturing on crack'd ice, and takes delight  
To step into the print your foot hath made,  
And will follow you whole fields: so she will drive  
Tediousness out of time with her sweet character.

Notwithstanding all this excellence, Abstemia has the misfortune to incur the unmerited jealousy of her husband. Instead, however, of resenting his harsh treatment with clamorous upbraidings, and the stormy violence of high windy virtue, by which the sparks of anger are so often blown into a flame; she endures it with the meekness of conscious but patient virtue, and

makes a beautiful appeal to a friend who has witnessed her long suffering :

———Hast thou not seen me  
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers  
The angry bark to plough thorough her bosom,  
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye  
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made.

Lorenzo, being wrought on by false representations, at length repudiates her. To the last, however, she maintains her patient sweetness; and her love for him in spite of his cruelty. She deplores his error even more than his unkindness, and laments the delusion which has turned his very affection into a source of bitterness. There is a moving pathos in her parting address to Lorenzo after their divorce :

——— Farewell Lorenzo  
Whom my soul doth love ; if you e'er marry  
May you meet a good wife, so good, that you  
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy  
Of your suspicion ; and if you hear hereafter  
That I am dead, inquire but my last words,  
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you.  
And when you walk forth with your second choice,  
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,  
Imagine that you see me lean and pale,

Strewing your path with flowers.—

But may she never live to pay my debts : (*weeps*)

If but in thought she wrong you, may she die

In the conception of the injury.

Pray make me wealthy with one kiss ; farewell, sir :

Let it not grieve you when you shall remember

That I was innocent : nor this forget,

Though innocence here suffer, sigh, and groan,

She walks but thorow thorns to find a throne.

In a short time Lorenzo discovers his error ; and the innocence of his injured wife. In the transports of his repentance he calls to mind all her feminine excellence, her gentle, uncomplaining, womanly fortitude under wrongs and sorrows :

——— Oh Abstemia !

How lovely thou lookest now ! now thou appearest

Chaster than is the morning's modesty,

That rises with a blush, over whose bosom

The western wind creeps softly ; now I remember,

How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye

Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,

Unless it looked when I looked : oh how proud

She was, when she could cross herself to please me !

But where now is this fair soul ? Like a silver cloud

She hath wept herself, I fear, into the dead sea,

And will be found no more.

It is but doing right by the reader, if interested in the fate of Abstemia, by the preceding

extracts, to say that she was restored to the arms and affections of her husband, rendered fonder than ever, by that disposition in every good heart to atone for past injustice, by an overflowing measure of returning kindness :

The wealth worth more than kingdoms ; I am now  
Confirmed past all suspicion, thou art far  
Sweeter in thy sincere truth, than a sacrifice  
Decked up for death with garlands. The Indian winds  
That blow from off the coast, and cheer the sailor  
With the sweet savour of their spices, want  
The delight flows in thee.

I have been more affected and interested by this little dramatic picture, than by many a popular love tale ; though, as I said before, I do not think it likely either Abstemia or patient Grizzle stand much chance of being taken for a model. Still I like to see poetry now and then extending its views beyond the wedding day, and teaching a lady how to make herself attractive even after marriage.

There is no great need of enforcing on an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable ;

nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions round her—youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no foreign aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her, when he was a lover. Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should therefore ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavour to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and re-

serve in her person and habits, and endeavour still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be wooed, not to woo—to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses instead of winning him. The secret of a woman's power does not consist so much in giving, as in withholding. A woman may give up too much even to her husband. It is to a thousand little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from that dangerous familiarity, that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony. By these means she may still maintain her power, though she has surrendered her person; and may continue the romance of love, even beyond the honey moon.

“She that hath a wise husband,” says Jeremy Taylor, “must entice him to an eternal dear-ness by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the

jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

I have wandered into a rambling series of remarks on a trite subject, and a dangerous one for a bachelor to meddle with. That I may not, however, appear to confine my observations entirely to the wife, I will conclude with another quotation from Jeremy Taylor, in which the duties of both parties are mentioned, while I would recommend his sermon on the marriage ring to all those who, wiser than myself, are about entering the happy state of wedlock.

"There is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents; and what in one is called love, in the other is called reverence; and what in the wife is obedience, the same in the

man is duty. He provides, and she dispenses; he gives commandments, and she rules by them; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her."



## A LITERARY ANTIQUARY.

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Printed books he contemns, as a novelty of this latter age ; but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly : especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable.

MICO-COSMOGRAPHIE. 1628.

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IN the account of my Christmas visit to the Hall I made some mention of the parson, who is a kind of family chaplain to the Squire ; and was his chum at Oxford. A farther acquaintance with the little man has increased my esteem for him. He is a scholar without arrogance or pedantry ; very ignorant of the world, having lived almost entirely among books ; and those too, old books, so that his mind is as antiquated as the Squire's garden, where one finds formal flower beds and peacocks cut in yew.

His taste for literary antiquities was first imbibed when a student at Oxford, where he

spent the chief of his leisure hours in the Bodleian library, foraging among the old manuscripts.

In the course of his life he has visited most of the curious libraries in England, and has ransacked many of the cathedrals. Though in general quiet and rather dry, yet, on his favourite theme he kindles up and becomes almost eloquent. No fox hunter, relating his last day's sport, could be more animated than I have seen the worthy parson, when relating his search after a curious document, which he had traced from library to library until he fairly earthed it in the dusty chapter house of a cathedral. When, too, he describes some venerable manuscript, with its rich illuminations; its thick creamy vellum; its glossy ink, and the odour of the cloisters that seems to exhale from it, he rivals the enthusiasm of a Parisian epicure expatiating on the merits of a *Paté de Strasbourg*. He has a great desire, however, to read works in the old libraries and chapter houses to which they belong; for he thinks a

black letter volume reads best in one of these old chambers, where the light struggles through dusty lancet windows and painted glass ; and that it loses half its zest if taken away from the neighbourhood of the curiously carved oaken book case and Gothic reading desk.

The parson, I am told, has been for a long time meditating a commentary on Strutt, Brand, and Douce ; in which he means to detect them in sundry dangerous errors with respect to popular games and superstitions. He is also a casual contributor to that long established repository of national customs and antiquities, the Gentleman's Magazine, and is one of those that every now and then make an inquiry concerning some obsolete custom or rare legend ; nay, it is said that several of his communications have been at least six inches in length.

He frequently receives parcels by coach from different parts of the kingdom, containing mouldy volumes and almost illegible manuscripts. It is singular what an active correspondence is kept up among literary antiquaries ;

and how soon the fame of any rare volume, or unique copy, just discovered among the rubbish of a library, is circulated among them. The parson is more busy than common just now, being a little flurried by an advertisement of a work preparing for the press on the mythology of the middle ages. The little man has long been gathering together all the hobgoblin tales he could collect, illustrative of the superstitions of former times, and he is in a complete fever, lest this formidable rival should take the field before him. Shortly after my arrival at the Hall I called at the parsonage, in company with Mr. Bracebridge and the general. The parson had not been seen for several days, which was a matter of some surprise, as he was an almost daily visiter at the Hall. We found him in his study—a small dusky chamber, lighted by a lattice window that looked into the church yard, and was overshadowed by a yew tree. His chair was surrounded by folios and quartos, piled upon the floor; and his table was covered with books and manuscripts. The

cause of his seclusion was a work which he had recently received, and with which he had retired in rapture from the world, and shut himself up to enjoy a literary honey moon undisturbed. Never did boarding school girl devour the pages of a sentimental novel, or Don Quixote a chivalrous romance, with more intense delight, than did the little man banquet on the pages of this delicious work. It was Dibdin's bibliographical tour; a work calculated to have as powerful an effect on the imaginations of literary antiquaries, as the tales of the early American adventurers had on the Spanish Dons; filling them with dreams of Mexican and Peruvian mines, and of the golden realm of El Dorado.

The good parson had long been looking forward to the fruits of this bibliographical crusade; which had far greater importance in his eyes than the expeditions to Africa or the north pole. The work had realized all his anticipations. He had been transported in idea to the libraries of the old German convents and universities;

his mind's eye had feasted on vellum manuscripts and exquisitely illuminated missals ; his brain was haunted with love-sick dreams about gorgeous old works in "silk linings, triple gold bands, and tinted leather ; locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the mere reader," and, to continue the happy expressions of an ingenious writer, "dazzling one's eyes like eastern beauties peering through their jealousies."\*

When the parson had finished a rapturous eulogy on this most curious and entertaining work, he drew forth from a little drawer a manuscript lately received from a correspondent, which had perplexed him sadly. It was written in Norman French, in very ancient characters, and so faded and mouldered away as to be almost illegible. It was apparently an old Norman drinking song, that might have been brought over by one of William the Conqueror's carousing followers. The writing was just legible

\* D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

enough to keep a keen antiquity hunter on a doubtful chace; here and there would be a few words so plainly written as to put him on the scent again. In this way he had been led on for a whole day, until he had found himself completely at fault.

The Squire endeavoured to assist him, but was equally baffled. The old general listened for some time to the discussion, and then asked the parson, if he had read Captain Morris', or George Stevens', or Anacreon Moore's bacchanalian songs. On the other's replying in the negative, "Oh then," said the general, with infinite bon hommie, "if you want a drinking song, I can furnish you with the latest collection. I did not know you had a turn for those kind of things, and I can lend you the *Encyclopædia of Wit* into the bargain. I never travel without them; they're excellent reading at an inn."

It would be difficult to describe the odd look of surprise and perplexity of the parson, on this proposal; or the difficulty that the Squire had in making the general comprehend, that

though a jovial song of the present day was totally abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man ; yet a trowl, written by a toss-pot several hundred years since, was a matter worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole colleges by the ears.



## THE FARM HOUSE.

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———— Love and hay  
Are thick sown, but come up full of thistles.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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I WAS so much pleased with the anecdotes which were told me of Ready Money Jack Tibbets, that I got Master Simon a day or two since to take me to his house. It was an old fashioned farm house, built of brick, with curiously twisted chimneys. It stood at a little distance from the road, with a southern exposure, looking upon a soft green slope of meadow. There was a small garden in front, with a row of bee-hives humming among beds of sweet herbs and flowers. Well scoured milking tubs, with bright copper hoops, hung on the garden paling. Fruit trees were trained up against the cottage, and pots of

flowers stood in the windows. A fat superannuated mastiff lay in the sunshine at the door ; with a sleek cat sleeping peacefully across him.

Tibbets was from home at the time of our calling ; but we were received with hearty and homely welcome by his wife, a notable motherly woman, and a complete pattern for wives ; since, according to Master Simon's account, she never contradicts honest Jack, and yet manages to have her own way, and to control him in every thing.

She received us in the main room of the house, a kind of parlour and hall ; with great brown beams of timber across it, which Tibbets is apt to point out with some exultation, observing that they don't put such timber in houses now-a-days. The furniture was old fashioned, strong, and highly polished ; the walls were hung with coloured prints of the story of the prodigal son, who was represented in a red coat and leather breeches. Over the fireplace was a blunderbuss, and a hard favoured likeness of Ready Money Jack, taken when he was a young man, by the

same artist that painted the tavern sign; his mother having taken a notion that the Tibbets' had as much right to have a gallery of family portraits as the folks at the Hall.

The good dame pressed us very much to take some refreshment, and tempted us with a variety of household dainties, so that we were glad to compound by tasting some of her home-made wines. While we were there the son and heir apparent came home; a good looking young fellow, and something of a rustic beau. He took us over the premises, and showed us the whole establishment. An air of homely but substantial plenty prevailed throughout; every thing was of the best materials, and in the best condition. Nothing was out of place or ill made; and you saw every where the signs of a man that took care to have the worth of his money, and that paid as he went.

The farm yard was well stocked; under a shed was a taxed cart, in trim order, in which Ready Money Jack took his wife about the country. His well-fed horse neighed from the sta-

ble, and when led into the yard, to use the words of young Jack, "he shone like a bottle," for he said the old man made it a rule that every thing about him should fare as well as he did himself.

I was pleased to see the pride which the young fellow seemed to have of his father. He gave us several particulars concerning his habits, which were pretty much to the effect of those I have already mentioned. He had never suffered an account to stand in his life ; always providing the money before he purchased any thing ; and, if possible, paying in gold and silver. He had a great dislike to paper money, and seldom went without a considerable sum in gold about him. On my observing that it was a wonder he had never been waylaid and robbed, the young fellow smiled at the idea of any one venturing upon such an exploit, for I believe he thinks the old man would be a match for Robin Hood and all his gang.

I have noticed that Master Simon seldom goes into any house without having a world of private talk with some one or other of the family ; being

a kind of universal counsellor and confidant. We had not been long at the farm, before the old dame got him into a corner of her parlour, where they had a long whispering conference together, in which I saw by his shrugs that there were some dubious matters discussed, and by his nods that he agreed with every thing she said.

After we had come out, the young man accompanied us a little distance, and then drawing Master Simon aside into a green lane, they walked and talked together for nearly half an hour. Master Simon, who has the usual propensity of confidants to blab every thing to the next friend they meet with, let me know that there was a love affair in question ; the young fellow having been smitten with the charms of Phoebe Wilkins, the pretty niece of the housekeeper at the Hall. Like most other love concerns, it had brought its troubles and perplexities. Dame Tibbets had long been on intimate gossiping terms with the housekeeper, who often visited the farm house. But when the neighbours spoke to her of the likelihood of a match between her son and

Phoebe Wilkins—"marry come up!" she scouted the very idea. The girl had acted as lady's maid; and it was beneath the blood of the Tibbets', who had lived on their own lands, time out of mind, and owed reverence and thanks to nobody, to have the heir apparent marry a servant!

These vapourings had faithfully been carried to the housekeeper's ear, by one of their mutual go-between friends. The old housekeeper's blood, if not as ancient, was as quick as that of Dame Tibbets. She had been accustomed to carry a high head at the Hall, and among the villagers, and her faded brocade rustled with indignation at the slight cast upon her alliance by the wife of a petty farmer. She maintained that her niece had been a companion rather than a waiting maid to the young ladies. "Thank heaven, she was not obliged to work for her living, and was as idle as any young lady in the land; and when somebody died, would receive something that would be worth the notice of some folks with all their ready money."

A bitter feud had thus taken place between the two worthy dames, and the young people were forbidden to think of one another. As to young Jack, he was too much in love to reason upon the matter ; and being a little heady, and not standing in much awe of his mother, was ready to sacrifice the whole dignity of the Tibbets' to his passion. He had lately, however, had a violent quarrel with his mistress in consequence of some coquetry on her part, and at present stood aloof. The politic mother was exerting all her ingenuity to widen this accidental breach ; but, as is most commonly the case, the more she meddled with this perverse inclination of her son's, the stronger it grew. In the meantime old Ready Money was kept completely in the dark ; both parties were in awe and uncertainty as to what might be his way of taking the matter, and dreaded to awaken the sleeping lion. Between father and son, therefore, the worthy Mrs. Tibbets was full of business, and at her wit's end. It is true there was no great danger of honest Ready Money's finding the thing out

if left to himself, for he was of a most unsuspecting temper, and by no means quick of apprehension ; but there was daily risk of his attention being aroused by those cobwebs which his wife was continually spinning about his nose.

Such is the distracted state of politics in the domestic empire of Ready Money Jack ; which only shows the intrigues and internal dangers to which the best regulated governments are liable. In this perplexed situation of their affairs, both mother and son have applied to Master Simon for counsel, and with all his experience in meddling with other people's concerns, he finds it an exceedingly difficult part to play, to agree with both parties, seeing that their opinions and wishes are so diametrically opposite.



## STORY TELLING.

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A FAVOURITE evening pastime at the Hall, and one which the worthy Squire is fond of promoting, is story telling—"a good, old fashioned, fireside amusement," as he terms it. Indeed, I believe he promotes it chiefly because it was one of the choice recreations in those days of yore, when ladies and gentlemen were not much in the habit of reading. Be this as it may, he will often, at supper table, when conversation flags, call upon some one or other of the company for a story, as it was formerly the custom to call for a song; and it is edifying to see the exemplary patience and even satisfaction with which the good old gentleman will sit and listen to some hackneyed tale that he has heard for at least an hundred times.

In this way, one evening the current of anecdotes and stories ran upon mysterious per-

sonages that have figured at different times, and filled the world with doubt and conjecture : such as the Wandering Jew, the Man with the Iron Mask, who tormented the curiosity of all Europe, the Invisible Girl, and last, though not least, the Pig-faced Lady.

At length one of the company was called upon that had the most unpromising physiognomy for a story teller that I had ever seen. He was a thin, pale, weazen-faced man, extremely nervous, that had sat at one corner of the table, shrunk up, as it were, into himself, and almost swallowed up in the cape of his coat, as a turtle in its shell.

The very demand seemed to throw him into a nervous agitation ; yet he did not refuse. He emerged his head out of his shell ; made a few odd grimaces and gesticulations, before he could get his muscles into order, or his voice under command ; and then offered to give some account of a mysterious personage that he had recently encountered in the course of his travels,

and one whom he thought fully entitled to be classed with the Man with the Iron Mask.

I was so much struck with his extraordinary narrative that I have written it out, to the best of my recollection, for the amusement of the reader. I think it has in it all the elements of that mysterious and romantic narrative so greedily sought after at the present day.

# THE STOUT GENTLEMAN,

## A TALE OF MYSTERY.

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I'll cross it, though it blast me!

HAMLET.

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It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely

out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys; while those of my sitting room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable boys; in one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls, crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur,

chained to a dog house, hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it and sought what is technically called the traveller's room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accomodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors, that I know of at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an

upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the Hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the traveller's room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors; with box coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast; quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at "Boots," for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat

drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass: they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house, for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do, to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and



which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that were worse than the rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common placed names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass : the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons ; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry that I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy ; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along in the air ; there was no variety even in the rain ; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter ; excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all

over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas ; and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, with the carrotty headed hostler and that non descript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn ; but the bustle was transient ; the coach again whirled on its way ; and boy, and dog, and hostler, and boots, all slunk back again to their holes ; and the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up ; the barometer pointed to rainy weather ; mine hostess' tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face and rubbing her paws over her ears ; and on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect-much-rain-about-this-time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length

the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The Stout Gentleman, in No. 13, wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson; or merely as the gentleman in No. 13, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it. But "the Stout Gentleman!——" the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size, it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest. "He was stout, or as some term it, lusty; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life; some people expanding

as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising ; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman."

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance ; " well to do in the world," accustomed to be promptly waited upon, of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry ; " perhaps," thought I, " he may be some London alderman ; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament ?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence ; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing, and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. " Bless me ! what a choleric old gentleman !" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid ; the eggs were overdone ; the ham was too salt. The Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating. One of those who eat and growl, and keep the

waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman ; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal ; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast ; but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman ; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence ; entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham and bread and butter were sent. They appeared to be more graciously received ; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the traveller's room when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. " The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times, or the Chronicle newspaper." I set him down, therefore, for a whig ; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he

had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt I had heard was a large man ; “ who knows,” thought I, “ but it is Hunt himself ?”

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir ; but I could get no information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman ; or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour, or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman ; a designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all farther inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain ! pitiless, ceaseless rain ! no such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and bye I heard some one walking over head. It was in the Stout Gentleman’s room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread ; and

an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is, doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square toes, of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantle piece. The *Lady's Magazine* had become an abomination to me ; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed room. A door opened and slammed violently ; a chambermaid that I had remarked for a ruddy good humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman ; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman ; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle aged

man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled. In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs, her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way.

“She’d have no such doings in her house, she’d warrant. If gentlemen did spend their money freely it was no rule. She’d have no servant maids of her’s treated in that way, when they were about their work, that’s what she would’nt.”

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy’s citadel, and entered it with a storm. The door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret. Then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more. After a little while my landlady came



out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "nothing at all—only the girl's a fool." I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those Stout Gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs; whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world and been sworn at Highgate. Who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name; tousle the maids; gossip with

the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous, and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect—I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the traveller's room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed

to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living.

Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be!—my conjectures began to run wild—was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog?—"God knows!" said I, at my wit's end, "it may be one of the royal family for aught I know, for they are all Stout Gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and as far as I could judge, his chair; for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the traveller's room began to be frequented. Some who had just arrived came in buttoned up in box coats; others came home who had been

dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two, especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names; changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chace during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses; about their adventures; their overturns and breakings down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies.

All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their "night caps," that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water with sugar; or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked up to bed in old shoes, cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short legged, long-bodied plethoric fellow with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.

The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breath-

ings of the sleeping toper; and the drippings of the rain, drop-drop-drop, from the eaves of the house.

The church bells chimed midnight.—All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this—especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great coats; these guttural breathings; and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter; and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. “Be he who or what he may,” said I to myself, “I’ll have a sight of him!” I seized a chamber candle and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered—the room was deserted. There stood a large broad bottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a “Times” newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off to my room sorely dis-

appointed. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots with dirty waxed tops standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown ; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den ; he might discharge a pistol or something worse at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state ; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning ; and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend ; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below :

“ The gentleman has forgot his umbrella ! look for the gentleman’s umbrella in No. 13.”

I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply, as she ran, “ here it is ! here’s the gentleman’s umbrella !”

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed ; scrambled to the window ; snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed ; “ All right,” was the word ; the coach whirled off—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman !



## FOREST TREES.

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A living gallery of aged trees.

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ONE of the favourite themes of boasting with the Squire is the noble trees on his estate, which in truth has some of the finest that I have seen in England.

There is something august and solemn in the great avenues of stately oaks that gather their branches together high in the air, and seem to reduce the pedestrians between them to mere pigmies.

“An avenue of oaks or elms,” the Squire observes, “is the true colonnade that should lead to a gentleman’s house. As to stone and marble, any one can rear them at once, they are the work of the day; but commend me to the co-

lonnades that have grown old and great with the family ; and tell by their grandeur how long the family has endured."

The Squire has great reverence for certain venerable trees, gray with moss ; which he considers as the ancient nobility of his domain. There is the ruin of an enormous oak, which has been so much battered by time and tempest, that scarce any thing is left ; though he says Christy recollects when in his boyhood, it was healthy and flourishing, until it was struck by lightning. It is now a mere trunk, with one twisted bough stretching up into the air, bearing a green branch at the end of it. This sturdy wreck is much valued by the Squire. He calls it his standard bearer, and compares it to a veteran warrior, beaten down in the battle, but bearing up his banner to the last. He has actually had a fence built round it, to protect it as much as possible from farther injury.

It is with great difficulty that the Squire can be brought to have any tree cut down on his estate. To some he looks with reverence, as hav-

ing been planted by his ancestors ; to others with a kind of paternal affection, as having been planted by himself ; and he feels a degree of awe in bringing down, with a few strokes of the axe, what it has cost centuries to build up. I confess I cannot but sympathize, in some degree, with the good Squire on the subject.

Though brought up in a country overrun with forests, where trees are apt to be considered mere incumbrances, and to be laid low without hesitation or remorse, yet I could never see a fine tree hewn down without concern. The poets, who are naturally lovers of trees, as they are of every thing that is beautiful, have artfully awakened great interest in their favour, by representing them as the habitations of sylvan deities ; insomuch that every great tree had its tutelar genius, or a nymph whose existence was limited to its duration. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, makes several pleasing and fanciful allusions to this superstition. “ As the fall,” says he, “ of a very aged oak, giving a crack like thunder, has often been heard at many miles distance ; constrained

as I often am to fell them with reluctance, I do not at any time remember to have heard the groans of those nymphs (grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations) without some emotion and pity." And again, in alluding to a violent storm that had devastated the woodlands, he says: "methinks I still hear, sure I am that I still feel, the dismal groans of our forests; the late dreadful hurricane having subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. The public accounts," he adds, "reckon no less than three thousand *brave oaks* in one part only of the forest of Dean blown down."

I have paused more than once in the wilderness of America, to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation.

There was something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants ; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, and hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of the sympathy so feelingly expressed by Evelyn. I recollect, also, hearing a traveller of poetical temperament expressing the kind of horror which he felt on beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable Boa.

I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong unaffected interest, they will dis-

cuss topics which in other countries are abandoned to mere woodmen, or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and forest scenery with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate, with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had even gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like houses, have their established points of excellence; and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry.

It is worthy of liberal, and free born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full

of story. They are haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.

Who can walk with soul unmoved among the stately groves of Penshurst, where the gallant, the amiable, the elegant Sir Philip Sidney passed his boyhood ; or can look without fondness upon the tree that is said to have been planted on his birth day ; or can ramble among the classic bowers of Hagley, treading in the footsteps of a Pope and a Lyttleton ; or can pause among the solitudes of Windsor forest, and look at the oaks around, huge, gray, and time-worn like the old castle towers ; and not feel as if he were surrounded by so many monuments of long enduring glory ? It is when viewed in this light, that planted groves, and stately avenues, and cultivated parks, have an advantage over the more luxuriant beauties of unassisted nature. It is that they teem with moral associations, and keep up the ever interesting story of human existence.



It is becoming then for the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation, to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank merely because it is titled. But I trust I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel, how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have

gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men; none are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble spirited men who have received their heritages from foregone ages.

I can easily imagine therefore the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids, from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate : the oak, in the pride and lustiness of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate in the grandeur of its attributes to heroic and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven; bearing up its leafy honours from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sun-

shine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be* : a refuge for the weak—a shelter for the oppressed—a defence for the defenceless ; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages ; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall ? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate ? “ Why cumbereth he the ground ? ”

## HORSEMANSHIP.

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Indeede a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of one, put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the canibals adored the divell.

TAYLOR THE WATER POET.

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I HAVE made casual mention, more than once, of one of the Squire's antiquated retainers, old Christy the huntsman. I find that his crusty, crabbed humours are a source of much entertainment among the young gentlemen of the family, especially the Oxonian, who takes a mischievous pleasure, now and then, in slyly rubbing the old man against the grain, and then amuses himself with smoothing him down again; for the old fellow is as ready to bristle up his back as a porcupine. He rides an old hunter called Pepper, which is a counterpart of himself, a most

wrathful, headstrong animal, that frets the flesh off of its bones, bites, kicks, and plays all kinds of villanous tricks.

He is as tough and nearly as old as his rider, who has ridden him time out of mind, and is indeed the only one that can do any thing with him. Sometimes, however, they have a complete quarrel and a dispute for mastery, and then I am told it is as good as a farce to see the heat they both get into, and the wrong headed contest that ensues; for they are quite knowing in each other's ways, and in the art of teasing and fretting each other. Notwithstanding these doughty brawls, however, there is nothing that nettles old Christy sooner than to question the merits of his horse, which he will uphold as tenaciously as a faithful husband will vindicate the virtues of the termagant spouse that gives him a curtain lecture every night of his life.

The young men call Old Christy their "professor of equitation," and in explaining this phrase, they let me into some particulars of the Squire's mode of bringing up his children.

There is an odd mixture of eccentricity any good sense, in all the opinions of my worthy host. His mind is like modern Gothic, where plain brick work is set off with pointed arches and quaint tracery. Though the main groundwork of his opinions is correct, yet he has a thousand little notions, picked up from old books, which stand out whimsically on the surface of his mind.

Thus, in rearing his boys, Peacham, Markham, and such like old English writers were his manuals. At an early age he took his lads out of their mother's hands, who was disposed, as mothers are apt to be, to make fine orderly children of them, that should keep out of sun and rain, and never soil their hands nor tear their clothes. In place of this the Squire turned them loose to run free and wild about the park, without heeding wind or weather. He was, also, particularly attentive in making them bold and expert horsemen; and these were the days when Old Christy the huntsman enjoyed great importance; as the lads were put under his care to

practise them at the leaping bars, and to keep an eye upon them in the chase.

The Squire always objected to their riding in carriages of any kind, and is still a little tenacious on this point. He often rails against the universal use of carriages ; and quotes the words of honest Nashe to that effect. " It was thought," says Nashe in his *Quaternio*, " a kind of solecism, and to savour of effeminacy, for a young gentleman in the flourishing time of his age to creep into his coach ; and to shroud himself from wind and weather ; our great delight was to outbrave the blustering boreas upon a great horse ; to arm and prepare ourselves to go with Mars and Bellona into the field, was our sport and pastime ; coaches and caroches we left unto them for whom they were first invented, for ladies and gentlemen, and decrepid age and impotent people."

The Squire insists that the English gentlemen have lost much of their hardiness and manhood since the introduction of carriages. " Compare," he will say, " the fine gentleman of for-

mer times, ever on horseback, booted and spurred, and travel stained, but open, frank, manly, and chivalrous, with the fine gentleman of the present day, full of affectation and effeminacy, rolling along a turnpike in his voluptuous vehicle." The young men of those days, were rendered brave, and lofty, and generous, in their notions by almost living in their saddles, and having their foaming steeds "like proud seas under them." "There is something," he adds, "in bestriding a fine horse that makes a man feel more than mortal. He seems to have doubled his nature; and to have added to his own courage and sagacity, the power, the speed, and stateliness of the superb animal on which he is mounted.

"It is a great delight," says old Nashe, "to see a young gentleman with his skill and cunning, by his voice, rod, and spur, better to manage and to command the great Bucephalus, than the strongest Milo, with all his strength; one while to see him make him tread, trot, and gallop the ring; and one after to see him make him gather



up roundly ; to bear his head steadily ; to run a full career swiftly ; to stop a sudden lightly ; anon after to see him make him advance, to yorke, to go back and sidelong, to turn on either hand ; to gallop the gallop galliard ; to do the capriole, the chambetta, and dance the carvetty."

In conformity to these ideas, the Squire had them all on horseback at an early age, and made them ride, slap dash, about the country, without flinching at hedge or ditch or stone wall, to the imminent danger of their necks.

Even the fair Julia was partially included in this system, and, under the instruction of old Christy, has become one of the best horsewomen in the county. The Squire says it is better than all the cosmetics and sweeteners of the breath that ever were invented. He extols the horsemanship of the ladies in former times ; when Queen Elizabeth would scarcely suffer the rain to stop her accustomed ride ; " and then think," he will say, " what nobler and sweeter beings it made them." What a difference must there be, both in mind and body, between a joyous high spirited dame

of those days, glowing with health and exercise, freshened by every breeze that blows ; seated loftily and gracefully in her saddle, with plume on head and hawk on hand ;—and her descendant of the present day, the pale victim of modern routs and ball rooms, sunk languidly in one corner of an enervating carriage.”

The good Squire’s equestrian system has had a happy effect, for his sons having passed through the whole course of instruction without breaking neck or limb, are now healthful, spirited, and active, and have the true Englishman’s love for a horse. If their manliness and frankness are praised in their father’s hearing, he quotes the old Persian maxim, and says, they have been taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth.

It is true the Oxonian has now and then practised the old gentleman’s doctrines a little in the extreme. He is a wild youngster, rather fonder of his horse than his book, with a little dash of the dandy ; though the ladies all pronounced him to be the “flower of the flock.”

The first year that he was sent to Oxford he had a private tutor appointed to overlook him ; a dry chip of the University. When he returned home in the vacation, the Squire made many inquiries about how he liked his college, and his studies, and his tutor.

“ Oh as to my tutor, sir, I’ve parted with him !”

“ You have ! and pray why so ?”

“ Oh sir, hunting was all the go at our college ; so I discharged my tutor, and kept a horse, you know.”

“ Ah, I was not aware of that, Tom,” said the Squire mildly. When Tom returned to college his allowance was doubled, to enable him to keep both horse and tutor.

## LOVE SYMPTOMS.

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I will now begin to sigh, read poets, look pale, go neatly, and be most apparently in love.

MARSTON.

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I SHOULD not be surprised if we should have another brace of turtles at the Hall, for Master Simon has informed me, in great confidence, that he suspects the general of some design upon the susceptible heart of Lady Lillycraft. I have, indeed, noticed a growing attention and courtesy in the veteran toward her ladyship: he softens very much in her company; sits by her at table, and entertains her with long stories about Seringapatam, and pleasant anecdotes of the Mulligatawney Club. I have even seen him present her with a full blown rose from the hot-house, in a style of the most captivating gallant-

ry ; and it was accepted with great suavity and graciousness ; for her ladyship delights in receiving the homage and attention of the sex.

Indeed, the general was one of the earliest admirers that dangled in her train during her short reign of beauty ; and they flirted together for half a season in London, some thirty or forty years since. She reminded him lately, in the course of conversation about former days, of the time when he used to ride a white horse in Hyde Park, and to canter so gallantly by the side of her carriage ; whereupon I have remarked that the veteran has regularly escorted her since, when she rides out on horseback, and I suspect he almost persuades himself that he makes as captivating an appearance as in his youthful days.

It would be an amusing event in the history of faithful love, if this spark of the tender passion, after lying dormant such a length of time, should again be fanned into a flame from among the ashes of two burnt out hearts. It may, however, be nothing but a little venerable

flirtation, the general being a veteran dangler, and the good lady habituated to these kind of attentions. Master Simon, however, thinks the general, now that he is growing old, is desirous of getting into warm winter quarters, and I doubt whether the former, with all his admiration of the veteran, would be pleased at his winning the lady ; as he looks upon Lady Lillycraft's house as one of his strong holds.

Among other symptoms that look suspicious, I have observed that the general has lately been very assiduous in his attentions to her ladyship's dogs ; and has several times exposed his fingers to imminent jeopardy in attempting to pat Beauty on the head. It is to be hoped his advances to the mistress will be more favourably received, as all his overtures toward a caress are greeted by the pestilent little cur with a wary kindling of the eye and a most venomous growl.

He has moreover been very complaisant toward my lady's gentlewoman, the immaculate Mrs. Hannah, whom he used to speak of in a way that I do not choose to mention. Whether

she has the same suspicions with Master Simon or not I cannot say, but she receives his civilities with no better grace than the implacable Beauty; unscrewing her mouth into the most acid smile, and looking as though she could bite a piece out of him. In short, the poor general seems to have as formidable foes to contend with as a hero of ancient fairy tale; who had to fight his way to his enchanted princess through ferocious monsters of every kind; and to encounter the brimstone terrors of some fiery dragon.

There is still another circumstance which inclines me to give very considerable credit to Master Simon's suspicions. Lady Lillycraft is very fond of quoting poetry, and the conversation often turns upon it; on which occasions the general is thrown completely out. It happened the other day that Spenser's Fairy Queen was the theme, for the great part of the morning; and the poor general sat perfectly silent. I found him not long after in the library, with spectacles on nose, a book in his hand, and

fast asleep. On my approach he awoke, slipped the spectacles into his pocket, and began to read very attentively. After a little while he put a piece of paper in the place and laid the volume aside, which I perceived was the *Fairy Queen*. I had the curiosity to watch how he got on in his poetical studies ; but, though I have repeatedly seen him with the book in his hand, yet I find the paper has not advanced above three or four pages ; the general being extremely apt to fall asleep when he reads.



## FALCONRY.

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Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on perch,  
Whether high tow'ring or accoasting low,  
But I the measure of her flight doe search  
And all her prey, and all her diet know.

SPENSER.

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AMONG the many recreations of the good old times which the Squire has endeavoured to revive on his estate, is that of hawking. He decries shooting as a skulking solitary treacherous sport in comparison ; but hawking, he says, was the noble art of hunting carried into the skies. It was the stately amusement of gentlemen, for in old times, he says, according to the Welsh saying, “ you might know a gentleman by his hawk, horse, and grayhound.” Indeed, a cavalier was seldom seen abroad without his hawk on his fist, and even a stately dame did not think herself

completely equipped in riding forth, unless she had her tasseled-hawk held by jesses on her delicate hand. It was thought, in those excellent days, says an old writer, "quite sufficient for a nobleman to wind their horn, and to carry their hawke fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people."

In pursuance of this notion, the Squire and his faithful coadjutor Master Simon, have bestowed unwearied pains in endeavouring to "reclaim," as it is termed, and to train up hawks for the sport. A bounty has been given for all hawks that could be brought to them alive, and the hall has been well stocked with vermin of the kind. They have studied the book of St. Albans, and Markham, and various other books that have treated of falconry, but they have more especially studied some old tapestry in the house, whereon is represented a party of ladies and gentlemen in ancient dresses; with doublets, and caps and flaunting feathers, mounted on horse, with attendants on foot, all in animated pursuit of the game. They have met, however, continual checks

and disappointments in endeavouring to bring this project into operation. Their feathered school has turned out the most untractable and graceless scholars. And then they have had so much trouble in drilling the hangers on, who were to take charge of the hawks. Old Christy and the game keeper both set their faces against it for a time, Christy having been nettled at hearing what he terms a wild goose chase put on a par with a fox hunt, and the gamekeeper having always been accustomed to look upon hawks as highway robbers, which it was his duty to shoot down and nail in terrorem against the out-houses.

Christy has at length taken the matter in hand, but has done still more mischief by his intermeddling. He is as positive and wrong-headed as he is about hunting. Master Simon has continual disputes with him as to feeding and training the hawks. He reads to him long passages from the book of St. Albans, but Christy, who cannot read, has a sovereign contempt for all book knowledge; and persists in

treating the hawks as if they were game cocks. The consequence is, between these jarring systems, the poor birds have had a sad time of it. Many have fallen victims to Christy's feeding and to Master Simon's physicking, for the latter has gone to work *secundem artem*, and given them all the vomitings and scowerings laid down in the books; never were poor hawks so fed and physicked before. Others have been lost by being but half "reclaimed," for on being taken into the field they have "raked" after the game quite out of all hearing of the call, and never returned to school.

All these have been petty but sore grievances to the Squire, and have led him to despond about success. He has lately, however, been rejoiced by the receipt of a fine Welch falcon, which Master Simon terms a "stately high flyer." It is a present from his friend, Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne, and has soared many a time about the pure airs of Snowdon and the brow of Penmanmaur.

Ever since the Squire has received this inva-

luable present he has been as impatient to sally forth and make proof of it, as was Don Quixote to assay his rusty armour. There have been some demurs as to whether the bird was in proper health and training, or whether it was the proper season for the sport, but all these have been overruled by the vehement desire to play with a new toy, and it has been determined, right or wrong, in season or out of season, to have a day's sport in hawking to-morrow.

The Hall, as usual whenever the Squire is about to make some new sally on his hobby, is all agog with the thing. Miss Templeton, who is brought up in reverence for all her guardian's humours, has proposed to be of the party, and Lady Lillycraft has determined to ride out to the scene of action and look on. This has gratified the old gentleman extremely; he hails it as an auspicious omen of the revival of falconry; and does not despair but the time will come, when it again will be the pride of a fine lady to carry about a noble falcon in preference to a parrot or a lap dog.

I have amused myself with the bustling preparations of that busy spirit, Master Simon, and the continual thwartings he receives from the genuine son of a pepper-box, old Christy. They have had half a dozen consultations about how the hawk is to be prepared for the morning's sport. Old Nimrod, as usual, has always got in a pet, upon which Master Simon has invariably given up the point, observing in a good humoured tone, "Well, well, have it your own way, Christy, only don't put yourself in a passion,"—a reply which always nettles the old man ten times more than ever.

## HAWKING.

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The soaring hawk from fist that flies,  
Her falconer doth constrain  
Sometimes to range the ground about,  
To find her out again.  
And if by sight or sound of bell,  
His falcon he may see,  
Wo ho ! he cries, with cheerful voice,  
The gladdest man is he.

HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELITES.

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AT an early hour this morning the Hall was in a bustle, preparing for the sport of the day. I heard Master Simon whistling and singing a ditty under my window at sunrise, as he was preparing some jesses for the hawk's legs. A hearty breakfast, well flanked by cold meats, was served up in the great Hall. All the retainers and hangers on were in motion. The horses were led up and down before the door ; there was a direful yelping of dogs ; some that were to accompany us eager to set out, and others

that were to stay at home being whipped back to their kennels. At length there was a general turning out of the chivalry. The fair Julia was dressed in a picturesque hunting dress, with a light plume of feathers in her riding hat. As she mounted her favourite galloway, I remarked with pleasure, that old Christy unbent from his usual crustiness, and hastened to adjust her saddle and bridle; he touched his jockey cap as she smiled on him and thanked him, and then looking round at the other attendants, gave a knowing motion with his head; in which I read pride and exultation, at the charming appearance of his pupil.

Lady Lillycraft had likewise determined to witness the sport. She was dressed in her broad white beaver, tied under the chin, and a riding habit of the last century. She rode her sleek ambling pony, whose motion was as easy as a rocking chair; and was gallantly escorted by the general, who looked not unlike one of the doughty heroes in the old prints of the battle of Blenheim.



The parson likewise accompanied her on the other side ; for this was a learned amusement in which he took great interest ; and, indeed, had given much counsel, from his knowledge of old customs. At length every thing was arranged, and off we set from the Hall.

The exercise on horseback puts one in fine spirits ; and the scene was gay and animating. The young men of the family accompanied Miss Templeton. She sat lightly and gracefully in her saddle, her plumes dancing and waving in the air ; and the group had a charming effect as they appeared and disappeared among the trees, cantering along with the bounding animation of youth.

The Squire and Master Simon rode together, accompanied by old Christy, mounted on Pepper. The latter bore the hawk on his fist, as he insisted the bird was most accustomed to him. There was a rabble rout on foot, composed of retainers from the Hall, and some idlers from the village, with two or three spaniels, for the purpose of starting the game.

A kind of corps de reserve came on quietly in the rear, composed of Lady Lillycraft, General Harbottle, the parson, and a fat footman. Her ladyship ambled gently along on her sleek pony, while the general, mounted on a tall hunter, looked down upon her with an air of the most protecting gallantry. For my part, being no sportsman, I kept with this last party, or rather lagged behind, that I might take in the whole picture, and the parson occasionally slackened his pace, and jogged on in company with me.

The sport led us at some distance from the Hall, in a soft meadow reeking with the moist verdure of spring. A little river ran through it, bordered by willows, which had put forth their tender early foliage. The sportsmen were in quest of herons, which were said to keep about this stream.

I saw that there was some disputing already among the leaders of the sport. The Squire, Master Simon, and old Christy, came every now and then to a pause, to consult together, like the field officers of an army; and I saw by certain

motions of the head, that Christy was as positive as any old wrong headed German commander.

As we were prancing up this quiet meadow, every sound we made was answered by a distinct echo, from the sunny wall of an old building that lay on the opposite margin of the stream. The circumstance brought to my mind, and I could not help quoting aloud, the description of an echo, on Webster's Duchess of Malfy :

—Yond side o' th' river lies a wall  
Piece of cloister, which in my opinion  
Gives the best echo that you ever heard ;  
So plain is the distinction of our words,  
That many have supposed it is a spirit  
That answers.

Upon hearing this quotation, the parson mentioned a beautiful appellation which the Jews had of old for the echo ; which they called Bath-kool, that is to say, “ the daughter of the voice.”\*

\* *Note.* They said it was an oracle, supplying in the second temple the want of the Urim and Thummim with which the first temple was honoured.

We had not proceeded very far when a flight of crows that had been regaling themselves in the meadow, alarmed by the noise we made, suddenly rose. Old Christy, all in a flurry from previous disputing and present surprise, slipped off the hood of the hawk and let her fly. Immediately there was a bawling, and shouting, and yelping, and barking, that baffles all description.

The crows flew screaming in all directions ; while the hawk soared into the air. My attention, however, was attracted for a time to the party in the meadow, riding along in the direction that the bird flew ; their bright beaming faces turned up to the bright skies as they watched the game ; the men on foot scampered along, looking up and calling out ; the dogs bounding and yelping with joyous sympathy. I was delighted with the graceful figure of the fair Julia ; her eye beaming as blue as the sky she was contemplating. Her gallant lover rode close by her side, and Lady Lillycraft, who watched them more than the hawk, would every

now and then exclaim "Oh the charming couple!"

I had paused on a rising ground close by her ladyship, from whence I had a good view of the sport. The hawk had singled out a quarry from among the carrion crew. It was in vain Old Christy called, and whistled, and endeavoured to lure her down—she paid no regard to him, and indeed his calls were drowned in the shouts and yelps of the army of militia that he had brought into the field.

It was curious to see the efforts of the two birds to get above each other; one to make the fatal swoop, the other to avoid it. Now they crossed athwart a bright feathery cloud, and now they were against the clear blue sky. I confess, being no sportsman, I was more interested for the poor bird that was striving for its life, than for the hawk that was playing the part of a mercenary soldier. At length the hawk got the upper hand and made a rushing stoop at her quarry, but the latter made as sudden a surge downwards, and slanting up again evaded the blow,

screaming and making the best of his way for a dry tree on the brow of a neighbouring hill. The poor crow, however, began to flag; the falcon was again getting above him. I felt more and more interested, when an exclamation from Lady Lillycraft made me turn my head.

I beheld a complete confusion among the sportsmen in the little vale below us. They were galloping and running towards the edge of a bank; and I was shocked to see Miss Templeton's horse galloping along without his rider. I rode to the place to which the others were hurrying, and when I reached the bank, which almost overhung the stream, I saw at the foot of it the fair Julia, pale, bleeding, and apparently lifeless, supported in the arms of her frantic lover.

In galloping heedlessly along, with her eyes turned upwards, she had unwarily approached too near the bank; it had given way with her, and she and her horse had been precipitated to the pebbled margin of the river.

I never saw greater consternation. The cap-

tain was distracted, Lady Lillycraft fainting, the Squire in dismay, and Master Simon at his wit's ends. The only one that had real presence of mind was old Christy, who ran to the stream, dipped his jockey cap full of water, and threw some in her face. The beautiful creature at length showed signs of returning life; she opened her eyes; looked around her upon the agonized group, and comprehending in a moment the nature of the scene, gave a sweet smile, and putting her hand in her lover's, exclaimed feebly, "I am not much hurt, Guy!" I could have taken her to my heart for that single exclamation. It was found, indeed, that she had escaped almost miraculously, with a contusion of the head, a sprained ancle, and some slight bruises. After her wound was stanch'd, she was taken to a neighbouring cottage until a carriage could be summoned to take her home, when the cavalcade, which had issued forth so gayly on this enterprize, returned slowly and pensively to the Hall.

I had been charmed by the generous spirit

shown by this young creature, who, amidst pain and danger, had been anxious only to relieve the distress of those around her. I was gratified, therefore, by the universal concern displayed by the domestics on our return. They came crowding down the avenue, each eager to render some assistance. The butler stood ready with some curiously delicate cordial. The old housekeeper was provided with half a dozen nostrums prepared by her own hands, according to the family recipe book, while her niece, the melting Phoebe, having no other way of assisting, stood wringing her hands and weeping aloud.

The most material effect that is likely to follow this accident, is a little delay of the nuptials, which were close at hand. Though I commiserate the impatience of the captain on that account, yet I shall not otherwise be sorry, as I shall have a better opportunity of studying the characters here assembled, with which I grow more and more entertained.

I cannot but perceive that the Squire is quite



disconcerted at this unlucky result of his hawking experiment, and this unfortunate illustration of his eulogy on female equitation. Old Christy, too, is very waspish ; having been sorely twitted by Master Simon, for having let his hawk fly at carrion. As to the falcon, in the confusion occasioned by the fair Julia's disaster, the bird was totally forgotten. I make no doubt she has made the best of her way back to the hospitable hall of Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne ; and may very possibly be pluming her wings, at this present writing, among the breezy bowers of Wynn-stay.

## ST. MARK'S EVE.

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O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.  
Or if to be, to wander after death !  
To walk as spirits do, in brakes all day,  
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths  
That lead to graves ; and in the silent vault  
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,  
Striving to enter your forbidden corpse.

DRYDEN.

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THE conversation this evening at supper table took a curious turn on the subject of a superstition, formerly very prevalent in this part of the country, relative to the present night of the year, which is the Eve of St. Mark's. It was believed, the parson informed us, that if any one would watch in the church porch on this eve, for three successive years, from eleven till one o'clock at night, he would see, on the third year, the shades of those of the parish who were to die in the

course of the year pass by him into the church, clad in their usual apparel.

Dismal as such a sight would be, he assured us it was formerly a frequent thing for persons to make the necessary vigils. He had known more than one instance in his time. One old woman who pretended to have seen this phantom procession was an object of great awe, for the whole year afterwards; and caused much uneasiness and mischief. If she shook her head mysteriously at a person it was like a death warrant, and she had nearly caused the death of a sick person by looking ruefully in at the window.

There was also an old man, not many years since, of a sullen, melancholy temperament, who had kept two vigils, and began to excite some talk in the village, when fortunately for public comfort he died shortly after his third watching; no doubt from a cold which he had taken, as the night was tempestuous. It was reported about the village, however, that he had seen his own phantom pass by him into the church.

This led to the mention of another superstition of an equally strange and melancholy kind, which, however, is chiefly confined to Wales. It is respecting what are called corpse candles, little wandering fires of a pale bluish light, that move about like tapers in the open air, and are supposed to designate the way some corpse is to go. One was seen at Lanylar, late at night, hovering up and down along the bank of the Ist-wish, and was watched by the neighbours until they were tired and went to bed. Not long afterwards there came a comely country lass from Montgomeryshire, to see her friends, who dwelt on the opposite side of the river. She thought to ford the stream at the very place where the light had been first seen ; but was dissuaded on account of the height of the flood. She walked to and fro along the bank just where the candle had moved, waiting for the subsiding of the water. She at length endeavoured to cross ; but the poor girl was drowned in the attempt.\*

\* Aubrey's Misal.

There was something mournful in this little anecdote of rural superstition that seemed to affect all the listeners. Indeed, it is curious to remark how completely a conversation of the kind will absorb the attention of a circle, and sober down its gayety, however boisterous. By degrees I noticed that every one was leaning forward, over the table, with their eyes fixed upon the parson, and at the mention of corpse candles, which had been seen about the chamber of a young lady, who died on the eve of her wedding day, Lady Lillycraft turned pale.

I have witnessed the introduction of stories of the kind into various evening circles ; they were often commenced in jest, and listened to with smiles, but I never knew the most gay, or the most enlightened of audiences, that were not, if the conversation continued for any length of time, completely and solemnly interested in it. There is, I believe, a degree of superstition lurking in every mind ; and I doubt if any one can thoroughly examine all his secret notions and impulses without detecting it, hidden, perhaps, even from

himself. It seems, in fact, to be a part of our nature, like instinct of animals, acting independently of our reason. It is often found existing in lofty natures, especially those that are poetical and aspiring. A great and extraordinary poet of our day, whose life and writings evince a mind subject to powerful exaltation, is said to believe in omens and secret intimations. Cæsar, it is well known, was greatly under the influence of such belief; and Napoleon had his good and evil days, and his presiding star.

I am now alone in my chamber; but these themes have taken such hold of my imagination that I cannot sleep. The room in which I sit is just fitted to foster such a state of mind. The walls are hung with tapestry, the figures of which are faded, and look like unsubstantial shapes melting away from sight. Over the fireplace is the portrait of a lady, who, according to the house-keeper's tradition, pined to death for the loss of her lover in the battle of Blenheim. She has a most pale and plaintive countenance, and seems to fix her eyes mournfully upon me. The family

have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the distant doors clap to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window, and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village, and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies," concerning those spiritual beings which

———Walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

Are there indeed such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gra-

relations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations; to take care of the welfare of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. "Nothing," says St. Jerome, "gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our souls than that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it."

Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion; its prevalence in all ages and countries; and even among newly discovered nations that have had



no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind ; and perhaps will never be perfectly eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul ; its mysterious connexion with the body ; or in what part of the frame it is situated ? We know merely that it does exist ; but whence it came ; and when it entered into us ; and how it is retained ; and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness ; how can we pretend to ascertain, or to deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshy prison house ?

Every thing connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made:" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied; strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our mortal separation. What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved, were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? That affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours? That beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen

around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more, as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us, lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me, as I never again shall be loved.

If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments, and then days, months, years, intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates and cuts off all

further communion ; and our spirits must remain in separation and widowhood, until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death or absence, or any other interruption of our union.

## TRUE GENTLEMEN.

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— True gentrie standeth in the trade  
Of virtuous life, not in the fleshly line ;  
For bloud is knit, but gentrie is divine.

MIRROR FOR MAGIST.

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I HAVE mentioned some peculiarities of the Squire in the education of his sons ; but I would not have it thought that his instructions were directed chiefly to their personal accomplishments. He took great pains also to form their minds, and to inculcate, what he calls, good old English principles ; such as are laid down in the writings of Peacham and his contemporaries. There is one author of whom he cannot speak without indignation ; which is Chesterfield. He avers, that he did much, for a time, to injure the true national character, and to introduce, instead of open manly sincerity, a hollow perfidious

courtliness. "His maxims," he affirms, "were calculated to chill the delightful enthusiasm of youth; to make them ashamed of that romance which is the dawn of generous manhood, and to impart to them a cold polish, and a premature worldliness.

"Many of Lord Chesterfield's maxims would make a young man a mere man of pleasure, but an English gentleman should not be a mere man of pleasure. He has no right to such selfish indulgence. His ease, his leisure, his opulence, are debts due to his country. He should be a man at all points; simple, frank and courteous; intelligent, accomplished and informed; upright, intrepid and disinterested. One that can mingle among freemen; that can cope with statesmen; that can champion his country and its rights, either at home or abroad.

"In a country like England, where there is such free and unbounded scope for the exertion of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people; every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel himself

bound to employ himself in some way towards promoting the prosperity or glory of the nation.

“In a country where intellect and action are trammelled and restrained, men of rank and fortune may become idlers and triflers with impunity ; but an English coxcomb is inexcusable ; and this perhaps is the reason why he is the most offensive and insupportable coxcomb in the world.”

The Squire, as Frank Bracebridge informs me, would often hold forth in this manner to his sons, when they were about leaving the paternal roof ; one to travel abroad ; one to go to the army, and one to the university. He used to have them with him in the library, which is hung with the portraits of Sydney, Surrey, Raleigh, Wyatt, and others.

“Look at those models of true English gentlemen, my sons,” he would say with enthusiasm. “Those were men that wreathed the graces of the most delicate and refined taste around the hardy virtues of the soldier ; that mingled what was gentle and gracious, with what was



hardy and manly ; that possessed the true chivalry of spirit, which is the exalted essence of manhood. They are the lights by which the youth of this country should array themselves. They were the patterns and the idols of their country at home ; they were the illustrators of its dignity abroad. ‘Surrey,’ says Camden, ‘was the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning. He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time.’ And as to Wyat, his friend Surrey most amiably testifies of him, that his person was majestic and beautiful, his visage ‘stern and mild ;’ that he sang and played the lute with remarkable sweetness ; spoke the foreign languages with grace and fluency, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit. And see what a high commendation is passed upon these illustrious friends.

“They were the two chieftains, who having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of Italian poetry, greatly polished our rude and homely manner

of vulgar poetry from what it had been before, and therefore may be justly called the reformers of our English poetry and style; and Sir Philip Sydney, who has left us such monuments of elegant thought, and generous sentiment, and who illustrated his chivalrous spirit so gloriously in the field. And Sir Walter Raleigh, the elegant courtier, the intrepid soldier, the enterprising discoverer, the enlightened philosopher, the magnanimous martyr. These are the men for English gentlemen to study. Chesterfield, with his cold and courtly maxims, would have chilled and impoverished such spirits. He would have blighted all the budding romance of their temperaments. Sydney would never have written his *Arcadia*; nor Surrey have challenged the world in vindication of the beauties of his *Geraldina*. "These are the men, my sons," the Squire will continue, "that show to what our national character may be exalted when its strong and powerful qualities are duly wrought up and refined. The solid-

est bodies are capable of the highest polish ; and there is no character that may be wrought to a more exquisite and unsullied brightness, than that of the true English Gentleman."

When Guy was about to depart for the army, the Squire again took him aside, and gave him a long exhortation. He warned him against that affectation of cool blooded indifference which he was told was prevalent among the young British officers, among whom it was a study to "sink the soldier" in the mere man of fashion. "A soldier," said he, "without pride and enthusiasm in his profession, is a mere sanguinary hireling. Nothing distinguishes him from the mercenary bravo but a spirit of patriotism, or a thirst for glory. It is the fashion now-a-days, my son," said he, "to laugh at the spirit of chivalry ; when that spirit is really extinct, the profession of the soldier becomes a mere trade of blood." He then set before him the conduct of Edward the Black Prince, who is his mirror of chivalry ; valiant, generous, affable, humane ; gallant in

the field ; but when he came to dwell on his courtesy towards his prisoner the King of France ; how he received him into his tent rather as a conqueror than as a captive, attended on him at table like one of his retinue ; rode uncovered beside him on his entry into London, mounted on a common palfrey, while his prisoner was mounted in state on a white steed of stately beauty, the tears of enthusiasm stood in the old gentleman's eyes.

Finally, on taking leave, the good Squire put in his son's hands, as a manual, one of his favourite old volumes, the life of the Chevalier Bayard by Godefroy ; on a blank page of which he had written an extract from the *Morte D'Arthur*, containing the eulogy of Sir Ector over the body of Sir Launcelot of the lake, which the Squire considers as comprising the excellencies of a true soldier.

“ Ah, Sir Launcelot, thou wert head of all christain knights ; now there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bare

shield ; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse ; and thou wert the truest lover of a simple man that ever loved woman ; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword ; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the presse of knights ; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies ; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in rest.”

## FORTUNE TELLING.

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Each city, each town, and every village,  
Affords us either an alms or pillage.  
And if the weather be cold and raw  
Then in a barn we tumble on straw.  
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock,  
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock.

MERRY BEGGARS.

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As I was walking one evening with the Oxonian, Master Simon, and the general, in a meadow not far from the village, we heard the sound of a fiddle, rudely played, and looking in the direction whence it came, we saw a thread of smoke curling up from among the trees. The sound of music is always attractive, for wherever there is music there is good humour, or good will. We passed along a foot path, and had a peep through a break in the hedge, at the musician and his party; when the Oxonian gave us a wink, and told us that if we would follow him we should have some sport.

It proved to be a gipsy encampment, consisting of three or four little cabins or tents, made of blankets and sail cloth spread over hoops that were stuck in the ground. It was on one side of a green lane, close under a hawthorn hedge, with a broad beech tree spreading above it. A small rill tinkled along close by, through the fresh sward, that looked like a carpet.

A tea kettle was hanging by a crooked piece of iron, over a fire made from dry sticks and leaves, and two old gipsies in red cloaks sat crouched on the grass, gossiping over an evening cup of tea ; for these creatures, though they live in the open air, have their ideas of fireside comforts. There were two or three children sleeping on the straw with which the tents were littered ; a couple of donkeys were grazing in the lane, and a thievish looking dog was lying before the fire. Some of the younger gipsies were dancing to the music of a fiddle, played by a tall slender stripling, in an old frock coat, with a peacock's feather stuck in his hatband.

As we approached, a gipsy girl, with a pair of

fine roguish eyes, came up and as usual offered to tell our fortunes. I could not but admire a certain degree of slattern elegance about the baggage. Her long black silken hair was curiously plaited in numerous small braids, and negligently put up in a picturesque style that a painter might have been proud to have devised. Her dress was of figured chintz, rather ragged and not over clean, but of a variety of most harmonious and agreeable colours; for these beings have a singularly fine eye for colours. Her straw hat was in her hand, and a red cloak thrown over one arm.

The Oxonian offered at once to have his fortune told, and the girl began with the usual volubility of her race; but he drew her on one side near the hedge, as he said he had no idea of having his secrets overheard. I saw he was talking to her instead of she to him, and by his glancing toward us now and then, that he was giving the baggage some private hints.

When they returned to us he assumed a very serious air. "Zounds," said he, "it's very as-



tonishing how these creatures come by their knowledge ; this girl has told me some things that I thought no one knew but myself !”

The girl now assailed the general ; “ come, your honour,” said she, “ I see by your face you’re a lucky man ; but you’re not happy in your mind, you’re not, indeed, sir ; but have a good heart, and give me a good piece of silver, and I’ll tell you a nice fortune.”

The general had received all her approaches with a banter, and had suffered her to get hold of his hand ; but at the mention of the piece of silver he hemmed, looked grave, and turning to us, asked if we had not better continue our walk. “ Come, my master,” said the girl archly, “ you’d not be in such a hurry if you knew all that I could tell you about a fair lady that has a notion for you. Come, sir, old love burns strong, there’s many a one comes to see weddings that go away brides themselves !” Here the girl whispered something in a low voice, at which the general coloured up ; was a little fluttered, and suffered himself to be drawn aside under the

hedge, where he appeared to listen to her with great earnestness, and at the end paid her half a crown, with the air of a man that has got the worth of his money.

The girl next made her attack upon Master Simon, who, however, was too old a bird to be caught, knowing that it would end in an attack upon his purse; about which he is a little sensitive. As he has a great notion, however, of being considered a royster, he chucked her under the chin, played her off with rather broad jokes, and put on something of the rake-helly air that we see now and then assumed on the stage, by the sad-boy gentleman of the old school. "Ah, your honour," said the girl with a malicious leer, "you were not in such a tantrum last year when I told you about the widow you know who; but if you had taken a friend's advice you'd never have come away from Doncaster races with a flea in your ear."

There was a secret sting in this speech that seemed quite to disconcert Master Simon. He jerked away his hand in a pet; smacked his

whip, whistled to his dogs, and intimated that it was high time to go home. The girl, however, was determined not to lose her harvest. She made an attack upon me, and as I have a weakness of spirit where there is a pretty face concerned, she soon wheedled me out of my money, and in return read me a fortune, which, if it prove true, and I am determined to believe it, will make me one of the luckiest men in the chronicles of Cupid.

I saw that the Oxonian was at the bottom of all this oracular mystery, and was disposed to amuse himself with the general, whose tender approaches to the widow have attracted the notice of the wag. I was a little curious, however, to know the meaning of the dark hints which had so suddenly disconcerted Master Simon; and took occasion to fall in the rear with the Oxonian on our way home, when he laughed heartily at my questions, and gave me ample information on the subject.

The truth of the matter is that Master Simon has met with a sad rebuff since my Christ-

mas visit to the Hall. He used at that time to be joked about a widow, a fine dashing woman, as he privately informed me. I had supposed the pleasure he betrayed on these occasions resulted from the usual fondness of old bachelors for being teased about getting married, and about flirting, and being fickle and false hearted. I am assured, however, that Master Simon had really persuaded himself the widow had a kindness for him; in consequence of which he had been at some extraordinary expense in new clothes, and had actually got Frank Bracebridge to order him a coat from Stultz. He began to throw out hints about the importance of a man's settling himself in life before he grew old; he would look grave whenever the widow and matrimony were mentioned in the same sentence; and privately asked the opinion of the Squire and parson, about the prudence of marrying a widow with a rich jointure, but who had several children.

An important member of a great family connexion cannot harp much upon the theme of

matrimony, without its taking wind ; and it soon got buzzed about that Mr. Simon Bracebridge was actually gone to Doncaster races, with a new horse ; but that he meant to return in a curricule with a lady by his side. Master Simon did indeed go to the races, and that with a new horse ; and the dashing widow did make her appearance in her curricule ; but it was unfortunately driven by a strapping young Irish dragoon ; with whom even Master Simon's self-complacency would not allow him to venture into competition ; and to whom she was married shortly after.

It was a matter of sore chagrin to Master Simon, for several months, having never before been so fully committed. The dullest head in the family had a joke upon him ; and there is no one that likes less to be bantered, than an absolute joker.

He took refuge for a time at old Lady Lillycraft's until the matter should blow over ; and occupied himself by overlooking her accounts, regulating the village choir, and teaching a bullfinch to whistle " God Save the King."

He has now pretty nearly recovered from the mortification ; holds up his head and laughs as much as any one ; affects to pity married men, and is particularly facetious about widows, when Lady Lillycraft is not by. His only time of trial is when the general gets hold of him ; who is infinitely heavy and persevering in his wag-gery, and will interweave a dull joke, through the various topics of a whole dinner time. Master Simon often parries these attacks by a stanza from his old work of "Cupid's Solicitor for love."

'Tis in vain to woo a widow over long,  
In once or twice her mind you may perceive ;  
Widows are subtle, be they old or young,  
And by their wiles young men they will deceive.

## LOVE CHARMS.

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—Come, do not weep my girl,  
Forget him, pretty pensiveness; there will  
Come others, every day, as good as he.

SIR J. SUCKLING.

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THE approach of a wedding in a family is always an event of great importance, but particularly so in a household like this, in a retired part of the country. Master Simon, who is a pervading spirit, and through means of the butler and housekeeper, knows every thing that goes forward, tells me that the maid servants are continually trying their fortunes, and that the servants' hall has of late been quite a scene of incantation. It is amusing to notice how the oddities of the head of a family flow down through all the branches. The Squire, in the indulgence of his love of every thing that

smacks of old times, has held so many grave conversations with the parson at table, about popular superstitions and traditional rites, that they have been carried from the parlour to the kitchen by the listening domestics, and, being apparently sanctioned by such high authority, the whole house has become infected by them.

The servants are all versed in the common modes of trying luck, and the charms to ensure constancy. They read their fortunes by drawing strokes in the ashes; or by repeating a form of words and looking in a pail of water. St. Mark's Eve, I am told, was a busy time with them, being an appointed night for certain mystic ceremonies. Several of them sowed hemp seed to be reaped by their true lovers; they even ventured upon the solemn and fearful preparation of the dumb cake. This must be done fasting, and in silence. The ingredients are handed down in traditional form. "An egg shell full of salt, an egg shell full of malt, and an egg shell full of barley meal." When the cake is ready it is put upon a pan over the fire,



and the future husband will appear, turn the cake, and retire ; but if a word is spoken, or a fast is broken, during this awful ceremony—there is no knowing what horrible consequences would ensue ! The experiments in the present instance came to no result ; they that sowed the hemp seed forgot the magic rhyme that they were to pronounce ; so the true lover never appeared ; and as to the dumb cake, what between the awful stillness they had to keep, and the awfulness of the midnight hour, their hearts failed them when they had put the cake on the pan ; and seized with a sudden panic, they all ran out of the room and did not return until morning, when they found the mystic cake burnt to a cinder.

The most persevering at these spells, however, is Phoebe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. As she is a kind of privileged personage, and rather idle, she has more time to occupy herself with these matters. She has always had her head full of love and matrimony. She knows the dream book by heart, and is quite an oracle

among the little girls of the family, who always come to her to interpret their dreams in the mornings.

During the present gayety of the house, however, the poor girl has gone about with a face full of trouble, and to use the housekeeper's words, "has fallen into a sad hystericky way lately." It seems that she was born and brought up in the village, where her father was parish clerk, and she was an early playmate and sweetheart of young Jack Tibbets. Since she has come to live at the Hall, however, her head has been a little turned. Being very pretty and naturally genteel, she has been much noticed and indulged ; and being the housekeeper's niece, she has held an equivocal station between a servant and a companion. She has learned something of fashions and notions among the young ladies, which have effected quite a metamorphosis ; insomuch that her finery at church on Sundays has given mortal offence to her former intimates in the village. This has occasioned the misrepresentations which have awa-

kened the implacable family pride of Dame Tibbets. But what is worse, Phoebe having a spice of coquetry in her disposition, showed it on one or two occasions to her lover, which produced a downright quarrel, and Jack, being very proud and fiery, has absolutely turned his back upon her for several successive Sundays.

The poor girl is full of sorrow and repentance, and would fain make up with her lover; but he feels his security, and stands aloof. In this he is doubtless encouraged by his mother; who is continually reminding him what he owes to his family: for this same family pride seems doomed to be the eternal bane of lovers. As I hate to see a pretty face in trouble, I have felt quite concerned for poor Phoebe ever since I have heard her story. I am told that the coolness of young Ready Money is very heavy at her heart. Instead of singing about the house as formerly, she goes about pale and sighing, and is very apt to break into tears when her companions are full of merriment.

Mrs. Hannah, the vestal gentlewoman of my

Lady Lillycraft, has had long talks with Phoebe, and has endeavoured to squeeze some of her own verjuice into the other one's milky nature. She speaks with contempt and abhorrence of the whole sex, and advises Phoebe to despise all the men as she does. But Phoebe's loving temper is not to be curdled. There is no such thing as hatred or contempt for mankind in her whole composition. Her only thoughts are how to conciliate and reclaim her lover.

The spells and love charms which are matters of sport to the other domestics, are serious concerns with this love-stricken lass. She is continually trying her fortune in a variety of ways. I am told that she has absolutely fasted for six Wednesdays and three Fridays successively, having understood that it was a sovereign charm to ensure being married to one's liking within the year. She carries about, also, a lock of her sweetheart's hair, and a ribband he once gave her, being a mode of producing constancy in love. She even went so far as to try her fortune by the moon, which has always had much to do

with lovers' dreams and fancies. For this purpose she went out in the night of the full moon, knelt on a stone in the meadow, and repeated the old traditional rhyme :

All hail to thee moon, all hail to thee :  
I pray thee good moon now show to me,  
The youth who my future husband shall be

When she came back to the house she was faint and pale, and went immediately to bed ; the next morning she told her companions that she had seen some one close by the hedge in the meadow, which she was sure was young Tibbets ; at any rate she had dreamt of him all night ; both of which, she was assured, were most happy signs. It has since turned out that the person in the meadow was old Christy the huntsman, who was walking his nightly rounds with the great stag hound ; so that Phoebe's faith in the charm is completely shaken.

## THE LIBRARY.

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YESTERDAY the fair Julia made her first appearance down stairs since her accident ; and the sight of her spread a universal cheerfulness through the household. She was extremely pale, however, and could not walk without pain and difficulty. She was assisted therefore to a sofa in the library, which is pleasant and retired, looking out among trees ; and so quiet that the little birds came hopping upon the windows and peering curiously into the apartment.

Here several of the family gathered round, and devised ways to amuse her, and make the day pass pleasantly. Lady Lillycraft lamented the want of some new novel to while away the time, and was almost in a pet, because the "Author of Waverley" had not produced a work for the last three months.

There was a motion made to call on the parson

for some of his old legends or ghost stories ; but to this Lady Lillycraft objected, as they were apt to give her the vapours. General Harbottle gave a minute account, for the sixth time, of the disaster of a friend in India, who had his leg bitten off by a tiger, which he was hunting ; and was proceeding to menace the company with a chapter or too about Tippoo Saib.

At length the captain bethought himself, and said he believed he had a manuscript tale lying in one corner of his campaigning trunk, which if he could find, and the company were desirous, he would read to them. The offer was eagerly accepted. He retired, and soon returned with a roll of blotted manuscript, in a very gentleman-like, but nearly illegible hand ; and a great part written on cartridge paper.

“ It is one of the scribblings,” said he, “ of my poor friend, Charles Lightly, of the dragoons. He was a curious, romantic, studious, fanciful fellow. The favourite, and often the unconscious butt of his fellow officers, who entertained themselves with his eccentricities. He

was in some of the hardest service on the peninsula, and distinguished himself by his gallantry. When the intervals of duty permitted he was fond of roving about the country, visiting noted places, and was extremely curious about Moorish ruins. When at his quarters he was a great scribbler, and passed much of his leisure with his pen in his hand.

“As I was a much younger officer, and a very young man, he took me in a manner under his care, and we became close friends. He used often to read his writings to me ; having a great confidence in my taste, for I always praised them. Poor fellow ! he was shot down close by me at Waterloo. We lay wounded together for some time, during a hard contest that took place near at hand. As I was least hurt, I tried to relieve him, and to stanch the blood which flowed from a wound in his breast. He lay with his head in my lap and looked up thankfully in my face, but shook his head faintly, and made a sign that it was all over with him ; and indeed he died a few minutes after-



wards, just as our men had repulsed the enemy, and came to our relief. I have his favourite dog and his pistols to this day, and several of his manuscripts, which he gave to me at different times. The one I am now going to read, is a tale which he told me he wrote in Spain, during the time that he lay ill of a wound received at Salamanca."

We now arranged ourselves to hear the story. The captain seated himself on the sofa, beside the fair Julia, who I had noticed to be somewhat affected by the picture he had carelessly drawn of wounds and dangers in a field of battle. She now leaned her arm fondly on his shoulder, and her eye glistened as it rested on the manuscript of the poor literary dragoon. Lady Lillycraft had a deep well-cushioned elbow chair wheeled up for her accommodation. Her dogs were nestled on soft mats at her feet; and the gallant general took his station in an arm chair at her side, and toyed with her ladyship's elegantly ornamented work bag. The

rest of the circle being all equally well accommodated, the captain began his story ; a copy of which I have been permitted to take for the benefit of the reader.

THE

**STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.**

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What a life doe I lead with my master. Nothing but blowing of bellowes, beating of spirits, and scraping of croslets! It is a very secret science, for none almost can understand the language of it. Sublimation, almigation, calcination, rubification, encorporation, circination, sementation, albification, and fermentation. With as many terms impossible to be uttered as they are to be compassed.

LILLY'S GALLATHEA.

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ONCE upon a time, in the ancient city of Granada, there sojourned a young student of Salamanca, of the name of Antonio de Castros. He was pursuing a course of reading in the library of the university; and at the same time indulging his curiosity by examining those remains of Moorish magnificence, for which Granada is renowned. While occupied in his studies he frequently noticed an old man of singular appearance, who was likewise a visiter at the library.

He was lean and withered, apparently more from study than age. His eyes, though bright and visionary, were sunk in his head and thrown into shade by overhanging eyebrows. His dress was always the same: a black doublet; a short black cloak, very rusty and threadbare; red stockings, a small ruff, and a large overshadowing hat.

His appetite for knowledge seemed insatiable. He would pass whole days in the library, absorbed in study; consulting a multiplicity of authors; as though he were pursuing some interesting subject through all its ramifications; so that, in general, when evening came, he was almost buried among books and manuscripts.

The curiosity of Antonio was excited, and he inquired of the attendants concerning the stranger. No one could give him any information, excepting that he had been for some time past a casual frequenter of the library; that his reading lay chiefly among works treating of the occult sciences, and that he was particularly curious in his inquiries after Arabian manuscripts. They added, that he never held communication with

any one, excepting to ask for particular works; that after a fit of studious application he would disappear for several days, and even weeks, and when he revisited the library he would look more withered and haggard than ever.

The student felt interested by this account; he was leading rather a desultory life, and had all that capricious curiosity which springs up in idleness. He determined to make himself acquainted with this book-worm, and find out who and what he was.

The next time that he saw the old man at the library, he commenced his approaches, by requesting permission to peruse one of the volumes with which the unknown appeared to have finished. The latter merely bowed his head in token of assent. After pretending to look through the volume with great attention, he returned it with many acknowledgments. The stranger made no reply.

“May I ask, Senor,” said Antonio, with some hesitation, “may I ask what you are searching after in all these books?”

The old man raised his head, with an expression of surprise at having his studies interrupted for the first time, and by so intrusive a question. He surveyed the student with a side glance from head to foot. "Wisdom, my son," said he calmly; "and the search requires every moment of my attention." He then cast his eyes upon his book, and resumed his studies. "But, father," said Antonio, "cannot you spare a moment to point out the road to others. It is to experienced travellers, like you, that we strangers in the paths of knowledge must look for directions on our journey."

The stranger looked disturbed. "I have not time enough, my son, to learn," said he; "much less to teach. I am ignorant myself of the path of true knowledge; how then can I show it to others?"

"Well, but, father——"

"Senor," said the old man mildly, but earnestly, "you must see that I have but few steps more to the grave. In that short space have I to accomplish the whole business of my existence.

I have no time for words ; every word is as one grain of sand of my glass wasted. Suffer me to be alone."

There was no replying to so complete a closing of the door of intimacy. The student found himself calmly, but totally repulsed. Though curious and inquisitive, yet he was naturally modest, and on after thoughts he blushed at his own intrusion. His mind soon became occupied by other objects. He passed several days wandering among the mouldering piles of Moorish architecture, those melancholy monuments of an elegant and voluptuous people. He paced the deserted halls of the Alhambra, the paradise of the Moorish kings. He visited the great court of the Lions, famous for the perfidious massacre of the gallant Abencerrages. He gazed with admiration at its Mosaic cupolas, gorgeously painted in gold and azure ; its basins of marble ; its alabaster vase, supported by lions and storied with inscriptions.

His imagination kindled as he wandered among these scenes. They were calculated to awaken all the enthusiasm of a youthful mind.

Most of the halls have anciently been beautified by fountains. The fine taste of the Arabs delighted in the sparkling purity and reviving freshness of water, and they erected, as it were, altars on every side, to that delicate element. Poetry mingles with architecture in the Alhambra. It breathes along the very walls. Wherever Antonio turned his eye, he beheld inscriptions in Arabic wherein the perpetuity of Moorish power and splendour within these walls was confidently predicted. Alas! how had the prophecy been falsified! many of the basins where the fountains had once thrown up their sparkling showers, were dry and dusty. Some of the palaces were turned into gloomy convents, and the barefoot monk paced through those courts which had once glittered with the array, and echoed to the music of Moorish chivalry.

In the course of his rambles the student more than once encountered the old man of the library. He was always alone; and so full of thought as not to notice any one about him. He appeared to be intent upon studying those



half buried inscriptions which are found here and there among the Moorish ruins ; and seem to murmur from the earth the tale of former greatness. The greater part of these have since been translated ; but they were supposed by many, at the time, to contain symbolical revelations, and golden maxims of the Arabian sages and astrologers.

As Antonio saw the stranger apparently decyphering these inscriptions, he felt an eager longing to make his acquaintance, and to participate in his curious researches ; but the repulse he had met with at the library deterred him from making any farther advances.

He had directed his steps one evening to the sacred mount which overlooks the beautiful valley watered by the Darro ; the fertile plain of the Vega, and all that rich diversity of vale and mountain that surrounds Granada with an earthly paradise. It was twilight when he found himself at the place where, at the present day, are situated the chapels known by the name of the Sacred Furnaces. They are so called from

grottoes in which some of the primitive saints are said to have been burnt. At the time of Antonio's visit the place was an object of much curiosity. In an excavation of these grottoes, several manuscripts had recently been discovered, engraved on plates of lead; they were written in the Arabian language, excepting one, which was in unknown characters. The pope had issued a bull, forbidding any one, under pain of excommunication, to speak of these manuscripts. The prohibition had only excited the greater curiosity; and many reports were whispered about, that these manuscripts contained treasures of dark and forbidden knowledge.

As Antonio was examining the place from whence these mysterious manuscripts had been drawn, he again observed the old man of the library, wandering among the ruins. His curiosity was now fully awakened; the time and place served to stimulate it; he resolved to watch this unknown groper after secret and forgotten lore, and to trace him to his habitation. There was something like adventure in the thing, that

charmed his romantic disposition. He followed the stranger, therefore, at a little distance; at first cautiously; but he soon observed him to be so wrapped in his own thoughts as to take little heed of external objects. They passed along the skirts of the mountain, and then by the shady banks of the Darro. They pursued their way for some distance from Granada, along a lonely road that led among the hills. The gloom of evening was gathering, and it was quite dark when the stranger stopped at the portal of a solitary mansion.

It appeared to be a mere wing, or ruined fragment of what had once been a pile of some consequence. The walls were of great thickness. The windows narrow, and generally secured by iron bars. The door was of planks, studded with iron spikes, and had been of great strength, though at present it was much decayed. At one end of the mansion was a ruinous tower, in the Moorish style of architecture. The edifice had probably been a country retreat, or castle of pleasure, during the occupation of Granada by

the Moors ; and rendered sufficiently strong to withstand any casual assault in those warlike times.

The old man knocked at the portal, a light appeared at a small window just above it, and a female head looked out. It might have served as a model for one of Raphael's saints. The hair was beautifully braided and gathered in a silken net ; and the complexion, as well as could be judged from the light, was that soft rich brunette, so becoming in southern beauty.

"It is I, my child," said the old man. The face instantly disappeared, and soon after a wicket door in the large portal opened. Antonio, who had ventured near to the building, caught a transient sight of a delicate female form. A pair of fine black eyes darted a look of surprise at seeing a stranger hovering near, and the door was precipitately closed.

There was something in this sudden gleam of beauty that wonderfully struck the imagination of the student. It was like a brilliant flashing from its dark casket. He sauntered about, re-

garding the gloomy pile with increasing interest. A few simple wild notes from among some rocks and trees at a little distance, attracted his attention. He found there a group of Gitanas; a vagabond gipsy race that at that time abounded in Spain, and lived in hovels and caves of the hills, about the neighbourhood of Granada. Some were busy about a fire, others were listening to the uncouth music which one of their companions, seated on a ledge of the rock, was making with a split reed.

Antonio endeavoured to obtain some information of them concerning the old building and its inhabitants.

The one who appeared to be their spokesman was a gaunt fellow with a subtle gait, a whispering voice, and a sinister roll of the eye. He shrugged his shoulders on the student's inquiries, and said that all was not right in that building. An old man inhabited it, whom nobody knew, and whose family appeared to be only his daughter and a female servant. He and his companions, he added, lived up among the neighbouring

hills ; and as they had been about at night, they had often seen strange lights and heard strange sounds from the tower. Some of the country people, who worked in the vineyards among the hills, believed the old man to be one that dealt in the black art ; and were not over fond of passing near the tower at night ; “ but for our parts,” said the Gitano, “ we are not a people that trouble ourselves much with fears of that kind.”

The student endeavoured to gain more precise information, but they had none to furnish him. They began to be solicitous for a compensation for what they had already imparted ; and, recollecting the loneliness of the place and the vagabond character of his companions, he was glad to give them a gratuity and to hasten homewards.

He sat down to his studies ; but his brain was too full of what he had seen and heard ; his eye was upon the page, but his fancy still returned to the tower, and he was continually picturing the little window, with the beautiful head peeping out, or the door half open, and the nymph-like form within.

He retired to bed ; but the same objects haunted his dreams. He was young and susceptible ; and the excited state of his feelings, from wandering among the abodes of departed grace and gallantry, had predisposed him for a sudden impression from female beauty.

The next morning he strolled again in the direction of the tower. It was still more forlorn by the broad glare of day, than in the gloom of evening. The walls were crumbling, and weeds and moss were growing in every crevice. It had the look of a prison, rather than a dwelling house. In one angle, however, he remarked a window which seemed an exception to the surrounding squalidness. There was a curtain drawn within it, and flowers standing on the window stone. Whilst he was looking at it the curtain was partially withdrawn, and a delicate white arm of the most beautiful roundness was put forth to water the flowers.

The student made a noise to attract the attention of the fair florist. He succeeded. The curtain was farther drawn, and he had a glance

of the same face he had seen the evening before ; it was but a mere glance ; the curtain again fell, and the casement closed. All this was calculated to excite the feelings of a romantic youth. Had he seen the unknown under other circumstances, it is probable that he would not have been struck with her beauty ; but this appearance of being shut up and kept apart, gave her the value of a treasured gem. He passed and repassed before the house several times in the course of the day, but saw nothing more. He was there again in the evening. The whole aspect of the house was dreary. The narrow windows emitted no rays of cheerful light to indicate that there was social life within. Antonio listened at the portal ; but no sound of voices reached his ear. Just then he heard the clapping to of a distant door, and fearing to be detected in the unworthy act of eavesdropping, he precipitately drew off to the opposite side of the road and stood in the shadow of a ruined arch-way.

He now remarked a light from a window in



the tower. It was fitful and changeable ; commonly feeble and yellowish as if from a lamp, with an occasional glare of some vivid metallic colour, followed by a dusky glow. A column of dense smoke would now and then rise in the air, and hang, like a canopy, over the tower. There was altogether such a loneliness and seeming mystery about the building and its inhabitants, that Antonio was half inclined to indulge the country people's notions, and to fancy it the den of some powerful sorcerer, and the fair damsel he had seen some spell-bound beauty.

After some time had elapsed a light appeared in the window where he had seen the beautiful arm. The curtain was down ; but it was so thin that he could perceive the shadow of some one passing and repassing between it and the light. He fancied that he could distinguish that the form was delicate ; and from the alacrity of its movements it was evidently youthful. He had not a doubt but this was the bed chamber of his beautiful unknown.

Presently he heard the sound of a guitar, and

a female voice singing. He drew near cautiously, and listened. It was a plaintive Moorish ballad, and he recognized in it the lamentations of one of the Abencerrages on leaving the walls of lovely Granada. It was full of passion and tenderness. It spoke of the delights of early life; the hours of love it had enjoyed on the banks of the Darro, and among the blissful abodes of the Alhambra. It bewailed the fallen honours of the Abencerrages, and imprecated vengeance on their oppressors. Antonio was affected by the music. It singularly coincided with the place. It was like the voice of past times echoed in the present, and breathing among the monuments of its departed glories.

The voice ceased; after a time the light disappeared, and all was still. "She sleeps," said Antonio fondly. He lingered about the building with the devotion with which a lover lingers about the bower of sleeping beauty. The rising moon threw its silver beams on the gray walls, and glittered on the casement. The

late gloomy landscape gradually became flooded with its radiance. Finding therefore that he could no longer move about in obscurity, and fearful that his loiterings might be observed, he reluctantly retired.

The curiosity which had at first drawn the young man to the tower, was now seconded by feelings of a more romantic kind. His studies were almost entirely abandoned. He maintained a kind of blockade of the old mansion. He would take a book with him and pass a great part of the day under the trees in its vicinity; keeping a vigilant eye upon it, and endeavouring to ascertain what were the walks of his mysterious charmer. He found, however, that she never went out except to mass; when she was accompanied by her father. He waited at the door of the church, and offered her the holy water, in the hopes of touching her hand; a little office of gallantry common in catholic countries. She, however, modestly declined without raising her eyes to see who made the offer, and always took it herself from the font. She was attentive

in her devotion ; her eyes were never taken from the altar or the priest, and on returning home, her countenance was almost entirely concealed by her mantilla.

Antonio had now carried on the pursuit for several days, and was hourly getting more and more interested in the pursuit, but never a step nearer to the game. His lurkings about the house had probably been noticed ; for he no longer saw the fair face at the window, nor the white arm put forth to water the flowers.

His only consolation was to repair nightly to his post of observation, listen to her warbling, and if by chance he could catch a sight of her shadow passing and repassing before the window, he thought himself most fortunate.

As he was indulging in one of these evening vigils, which were complete revels of the imagination, the sound of approaching footsteps made him withdraw into the deep shadow of the ruined archway, opposite to the tower. A cavalier approached, wrapped in a large Spanish cloak.

He paused under the window of the tower,

and after a little while began a serenade, accompanied by his guitar, in the usual style of Spanish gallantry. His voice was rich and manly ; he touched the instrument with skill, and sang with amorous and impassioned eloquence.

The plume of his hat was buckled by jewels that sparkled in the moon beams ; and as he played on the guitar, his cloak falling off from one shoulder, showed him to be richly dressed. It was evident that he was a person of rank.

The idea now flashed across Antonio's mind that the affections of his unknown beauty might be engaged. She was young, and doubtless susceptible, and it was not in the nature of Spanish females to be deaf and insensible to music and admiration. The surmise brought with it a feeling of dreariness. There was a pleasant dream of several days suddenly dispelled. He had never before experienced any thing of the tender passion, and, as its morning dreams are always delightful, he would fain have continued in the delusion.

“ But what have I to do with her attach-

ments?" thought he. "I have no claim on her heart, nor even on her acquaintance. How do I know that she is worthy of affection? or if she is, must not so gallant a lover as this, with his jewels, his rank, and his detestable music, have completely captivated her? What idle humour is this that I have fallen into? I must again to my books. Study, study, will soon chase away all these idle fancies."

The more he thought, however, the more he became entangled in the spell which his lively imagination had woven round him; and now that a rival had appeared, in addition to the other obstacles that environed this enchanted beauty, she appeared ten times more lovely and desirable. It was some slight consolation to him to perceive that the gallantry of the unknown met with no apparent return from the tower. The light at the window was extinguished; the curtain remained undrawn, and none of the customary signals were given to intimate that the serenade was accepted.

The cavalier lingered for some time about the

place, and sang several other tender airs, with a taste and feeling that made Antonio's heart ache; at length he slowly retired. The student remained with folded arms leaning against the ruined arch; endeavouring to summon up resolution enough to depart, but there was a romantic fascination that still enchained him to the place. "It is the last time," said he, willing to compromise between his feelings and his judgment, "it is the last time; then let me enjoy the dream a few moments longer."

As his eye ranged about the old building to take a farewell look, he observed the strange light in the tower, which he had noticed on a former occasion. It kept beaming up, and declining as before. A pillar of smoke rose in the air, and hung in sable volumes. It was evident the old man was busied in some of those operations that had gained him the reputation of a sorcerer throughout the neighbourhood.

Suddenly an intense and brilliant glare shone through the casement, followed by a loud report, and then a fierce and ruddy glow. A figure ap-

peared at the window uttering cries of agony or alarm, but immediately disappeared, and a body of smoke and flame whirled out of the narrow aperture. Antonio rushed to the portal and knocked at it with vehemence. He was only answered by loud shrieks, and found that the females were already in helpless consternation. With an exertion of desperate strength he forced the wicket from its hinges and rushed into the house.

He found himself in a small vaulted hall, and by the light of the moon which entered at the door he saw a stairs to the left. He hurried up it to a narrow corridor, through which was rolling a volume of smoke. He found here the two females in a frantic state of alarm; one of them clasped her hands, and implored him to save her father.

The corridor terminated in a small spiral staircase leading up to the tower. He sprang up it, to a small door through the chinks of which came a glow of light, and smoke was spuming out. He burst it open, and found himself in an



antique vaulted chamber, furnished with furnace and various chemical apparatus. A shattered retort lay on the stone floor ; a quantity of combustibles, nearly consumed, with various half burnt books and papers, were sending up an expiring flame, and filling the chamber with stifling smoke. Just within the threshold lay the reputed conjurer. He was bleeding ; his clothes were scorched, and he appeared lifeless. Antonio caught him up, and bore him down the stairs to a chamber in which there was a light, and laid him on a bed.

The female domestic was despatched for such appliances as the house afforded ; but the daughter threw herself frantically beside her parent, and could not be reasoned out of her alarm. Her dress was all in disorder ; her dishevelled hair hung in rich confusion about her neck and bosom ; and never was there beheld a lovelier picture of terror and affliction.

The skilful assiduities of the scholar soon produced signs of returning animation in his patient. The old man's wounds, though severe,

were not dangerous. They had evidently been produced by the bursting of the retort; in his bewilderment he had been enveloped in the stifling metallic vapours, which had overpowered his feeble frame, and had not Antonio arrived to his assistance, it is probable he would never have recovered.

By slow degrees he came to his senses. He looked about, with a bewildered air, at the chamber—the agitated group around—and the student who was leaning over him.

“Where am I?” said he wildly. At the sound of his voice his daughter uttered a faint exclamation of delight. “My poor Inez!” said he, embracing her; then putting his hand to his head, and taking it away stained with blood, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and to be overcome with emotion.

“Aye!” cried he, “all is over with me! all gone! all vanished! gone in a moment! the labour of a lifetime lost!”

His daughter attempted to soothe him, but he became slightly delirious, and raved incoherently

about malignant demons, and about the habitation of the green lion being destroyed. His wounds being dressed, and such other remedies administered as his situation required, he sank into a state of quiet. Antonio now turned his attention to the daughter, whose sufferings had been little inferior to those of her father. Having with great difficulty succeeded in tranquilizing her fears, he endeavoured to prevail upon her to retire, and seek the repose so necessary to her frame; proffering to remain by her father until morning. "I am a stranger," said he, "it is true, and my offer may appear intrusive; but I see you are lonely and helpless, and I cannot help venturing over the limits of mere ceremony. Should you feel any scruple or doubt, however, say but a word and I will instantly retire."

There was a frankness, a kindness, and a modesty mingled in Antonio's deportment that inspired instant confidence; and his simple scholar's garb was a recommendation in the house of poverty. The females consented to resign the sufferer to his care, as they would be the better able to attend to him on the morrow.

On retiring, the old domestic was profuse in her benedictions ; the daughter only looked her thanks ; but as they shone through the tears that filled her fine black eyes, the student thought them a thousand times the most eloquent.

Here then he was, by a singular turn of chance, completely housed within this mysterious mansion. When left to himself, and the bustle of the scene was over, his heart throbbed as he looked round the chamber in which he was sitting. It was the daughter's room ; the promised land towards which he had cast so many a longing gaze. The furniture was old, and had probably belonged to the building in its prosperous days ; but every thing was arranged with propriety. The flowers that he had seen her attend stood in the window ; a guitar leaned against a table, on which stood a crucifix, and before it lay a missal and a rosary. There reigned an air of purity and serenity about this little nestling place of innocence ; it was the emblem of a chaste and quiet mind. Some few articles of female

dress lay on the chairs ; and there was the very bed on which she had slept ; the pillow on which her soft cheek had reclined ! The poor scholar was treading enchanted ground ; for what fairy land has more of magic in it, than the bed chamber of innocence and beauty ?

From various expressions of the old man in his ravings, and from what he had noticed on a subsequent visit to the tower to see that the fire was extinguished, Antonio had gathered that his patient was an alchymist. The philosopher's stone was an object eagerly sought after by visionaries in those days ; but in consequence of the superstitious prejudices of the times, and the frequent persecutions of its votaries, they were apt to pursue their experiments in secret ; in lonely houses, in caverns, and ruins, or in the privacy of cloistered cells.

In the course of the night the old man had several fits of restlessness and delirium ; he would call out upon Theophrastus, and Geber, and Albertus Magnus, and other sages of his art ; and anon would murmur about fermentation

and projection ; until towards daylight he once more sank into a salutary sleep.

When the morning sun darted his rays into the casement, the fair Inez, attended by the female domestic, came blushing into the chamber. The student now took his leave, having himself need of repose, but obtained ready permission to return and inquire after the sufferer. When he called again, he found the alchymist languid and in pain, but apparently suffering more in mind than in body. His delirium had left him, and he had been informed of the particulars of his deliverance, and of the subsequent attentions of the scholar. He could do little more than look his thanks ; but Antonio did not require them ; his own heart repaid him for all that he had done ; and he almost rejoiced in the disaster that had gained him an entrance into this mysterious habitation.

The alchymist was so helpless as to need much assistance ; Antonio remained with him therefore the greater part of the day. He repeated his visit the next day, and the next.

Every day his company seemed more pleasing to the invalid ; and every day he felt his interest in the latter increasing. Perhaps the presence of the daughter might have been at the bottom of this solicitude.

He had frequent and long conversations with the alchemist. He found him, as men of his pursuits were apt to be, a mixture of enthusiasm and simplicity ; of curious and extensive reading on points of little utility ; with great inattention to the every day occurrences of life, and profound ignorance of the world. He was deeply versed in singular and obscure branches of knowledge, and much given to visionary speculations. Antonio, whose mind was of a romantic cast, had himself given some attention to the occult sciences, and entered upon those themes with an ardour that delighted the philosopher. Their conversations frequently turned upon astrology, divination, and the great secret. The old man would forget his aches and wounds, rise up like a spectre in his bed, and kindle into eloquence on his favourite to-

pics. When gently admonished of his situation, it would but prompt him to another sally of thought. "Alas, my son!" he would say, "is not this very decrepitude and suffering another proof of the importance of those secrets with which we are surrounded? Why are we trammelled by disease; withered by old age, and our spirits quenched as it were within us, but because we have lost those secrets of life and youth which were known to our parents before their fall? To regain these have philosophers been ever since aspiring; but just as they are on the point of securing the precious secrets for ever, the brief period of life is at an end; they die, and with them, all their wisdom and experience. "Nothing," as De Nuysment observes, "nothing is wanting for man's perfection but a longer life, less crost with sorrows and maladies; to the attaining of the full and perfect knowledge of things."

At length Antonio so far gained on the heart of his patient as to draw from him the outlines of his story.



Felix de Vasquez, the alchymist, was a native of Castile, and of an ancient and honourable line. Early in life he had married a beautiful female, the descendant of one of the Moorish families. The marriage displeased his father, who considered the pure Spanish blood contaminated by this foreign mixture. It is true, the lady traced her descent from one of the Abencerrages, the most gallant of Moorish cavaliers, who had embraced the Christian faith on being exiled from the walls of Granada. The injured pride of the father, however, was not to be appeased. He never saw his son afterwards; and on dying left him but a scanty portion of his estate, bequeathing the residue, in the piety and bitterness of his heart, to the erection of convents and the performance of masses for souls in purgatory. Don Felix resided for a long time in the neighbourhood of Valladolid in a state of embarrassment and obscurity. He devoted himself to intense study; having, while at the university of Salamanca, imbibed a taste for the secret sciences. He was

enthusiastic and speculative ; he went on from one branch of knowledge to another until he became zealous in the search after the grand arcanum.

He had at first engaged in the pursuit with the hopes of raising himself from his present obscurity, and resuming the rank and dignity to which his birth entitled him ; but, as usual, it ended in absorbing every thought, and becoming the business of his existence. He was at length aroused from this mental abstraction by the calamities of his household. A malignant fever swept off his wife and all his children, excepting an infant daughter. These losses for a time overwhelmed and stupified him. His home had in a manner died away from around him, and he felt lonely and forlorn. When his spirit revived within him he determined to abandon the scene of his humiliation and disaster ; to bear away the child that was still left him, beyond the scene of contagion ; and never to return to Castile until he should be enabled to reclaim the honour of his line.

He had ever since been wandering and unsettled in his abode ; sometimes the resident of populous cities, at other times of absolute solitudes. He had searched libraries ; meditated on inscriptions ; visited adepts of different countries ; and sought to gather and concentrate the rays which had been thrown by various minds upon the secrets of alchymy. He had at one time travelled quite to Padua to search for the manuscripts of Pietro D'Abano, and to inspect an urn which had been dug up near Este ; supposed to have been buried by Maximus Olibius, and to have contained the great elixir.\*

While at Padua, he had met with an adept, versed in Arabian lore, who talked of the inval-

\* *Note.* This urn was found in 1533. It contained a lesser one, in which was a burning lamp betwixt two small vials, the one of gold, the other of silver, both of them full of a very clear liquor. On the largest was an inscription stating that Maximus Olibius shut up in this small vessel elements which he had prepared with great toil. There were many disquisitions among the learned on the subject. It was the most received opinion, that this Maximus Olibius was an inhabitant of Padua ; that he had discovered the great secret, and that these vessels contained liquor, one to transmute metals to gold, the other to silver. The peasants who found these urns, imagining this precious liquor to be common water, spill every drop, so that the art of transmuting metals remains as much a secret as ever.

able manuscripts that must remain in the Spanish libraries preserved from the spoils of the Moorish academies and universities ; of the probability of meeting with precious unpublished writings of Geber, and Alfarabius, and Avicenna, the great physicians of the Arabian schools, who it was well known had treated much of alchemy ; but above all, he spoke of the Arabian tablets of lead which had recently been dug up in the neighbourhood of Granada, and which contained the lost secrets of the art.

The indefatigable alchymist once more bent his steps for Spain, full of renovated hope. He had made his way to Granada ; he had wearied himself in the study of Arabic ; in decyphering inscriptions ; in rummaging libraries, and exploring every possible trace left by the Arabian sages.

In all his wanderings he had been accompanied by Inez ; through the rough and the smooth ; the pleasant and the adverse ; never complaining, but rather seeking to sooth his cares by her innocent and playful caresses. Her instruction had been

the employment and the delight of his hours of relaxation.—She had grown up while they were wandering, and had scarcely ever known any home but by his side. He was family, friends, home, every thing to her. He had carried her in his arms when they first began their wayfaring; had nestled her, as an eagle does its young, among the rocky heights of the Sierra Morena. She had sported about him in childhood in the solitudes of the Bateucas; had followed him, as a lamb does the shepherd, over the rugged Pyrenees, and into the fair plains of Languedoc; and now she was grown up to support his feeble steps among the ruined abodes of her maternal ancestors.

His property had gradually wasted away in the course of his travels and his experiments. Still hope, the constant attendant of the alchemist, led him on; ever on the point of reaping the reward of his labours, and ever disappointed.

With the credulity that often attended his art, he attributed many of his disappointments to the machinations of the malignant spirits that beset

the path of the alchymist, and torment him in his solitary labours.

It is their constant endeavour, he observed, to close up every avenue to those sublime truths which would enable man to rise above the abject state into which he had fallen, and to return to his original perfection. To the evil offices of these demons he attributed his late disaster. He had been on the very verge of the glorious discovery ; never were the indications more completely auspicious ; all was going on prosperously, when, at the critical moment which should have crowned all his labours with success, and have placed him at the very summit of human power and felicity, the bursting of a retort had reduced his laboratory and himself to ruin.

“ I must now,” said he, “ give up at the very threshold of success. My books and papers are burnt ; my apparatus is broken. I am too old to bear up against these evils. The ardour that once inspired me is gone ; my poor frame is exhausted by study and watchfulness, and this last misfortune has hurried me towards the grave.”

He concluded in a tone of deep dejection. Antonio endeavoured to comfort and reassure him; but the poor alchymist had for once awakened to a consciousness of the worldly ills that were gathering around him, and had sunk into despondency. After a pause, and some thoughtfulness and perplexity of brow, Antonio ventured to make a proposal.

“I have long,” said he, “been filled with a love for the secret sciences, but have felt too ignorant and diffident to give myself up to them. You have acquired experience; you have amassed the knowledge of a lifetime; it were a pity it should be thrown away. You say you are too old to renew the toils of the laboratory; suffer me to undertake them. Add your knowledge to my youth and activity, and what shall we not accomplish? As a probationary fee, and a fund on which to proceed, I will bring into the common stock a sum of gold, the residue of a legacy, which has enabled me to complete my education. A poor scholar cannot boast much, but I trust we shall soon put ourselves beyond the

reach of want ; and if we should fail, why, I must depend, like other scholars, upon my brains to carry me through the world."

The philosopher's spirits were, however, more depressed than the student had imagined. This last shock, following in the rear of so many disappointments, had almost destroyed the reaction of his mind ; the fire of an enthusiast, however, is never so low but that it may be blown again into a flame. By degrees the old man was cheered and reanimated by the buoyancy and ardour of his sanguine companion. He at length agreed to accept of the services of the student, and once more to renew his experiments. He objected, however, to using the student's gold, notwithstanding that his own was nearly exhausted ; but this objection was soon overcome ; the student insisted on making it a common stock and common cause ; and then how absurd was any delicacy about such a trifle, with men who looked forward to discovering the philosopher's stone.

While, therefore, the alchymist was slowly



recovering, the student busied himself in getting the laboratory once more in order. It was strewn with the wrecks of retorts and alembics; with old crucibles; boxes and phials of powders, and tinctures, and half burnt books and manuscripts.

As soon as the old man was sufficiently recovered, the studies and experiments were renewed. The student became a privileged and frequent visiter, and was indefatigable in his toils in the laboratory. The philosopher daily derived new zeal and spirits from the animation of his disciple. He was now enabled to prosecute the enterprize with continued exertion, having so active a coadjutor to divide the toil. While he was poring over the writings of Sandivogius, and Philalethes and Dominus de Nuysment, and endeavouring to comprehend the symbolical language in which they have locked up their inscrutable mysteries, Antonio would occupy himself among the retorts and crucibles, and keep the furnace in a perpetual glow.

With all his zeal, however, for the discovery

of the golden art, the feelings of the student had not cooled, as to the object that first drew him to this ruinous mansion. During the old man's illness, he had frequent opportunities of being near the daughter ; and every day made him more sensible to her charms. There was a pure simplicity, and an almost passive gentleness in her manners, yet with all this was mingled something, whether mere maiden shyness, or a consciousness of high descent, or a dash of Castilian pride, or perhaps all united, which prevented undue familiarity, and made her difficult of approach.

The danger of her father, and the measures to be taken for his relief, had at first overcome this coyness and reserve ; but as he recovered, and her alarm subsided, she seemed to shrink from the familiarity she had indulged with the youthful stranger, and to become every day more shy and silent.

Antonio had read many books, but this was the first volume of woman kind that he had ever studied. He had been captivated with the

very title page; but the farther he read the more he was delighted. She seemed formed to love; her soft black eye rolled languidly under its long silken lashes, and wherever it turned, it would linger and repose; there was tenderness in every beam. To him alone she was reserved and distant. Now that the common cares of the sick room were at an end, he saw little more of her than before his admission to the house. Sometimes he met her on his way to and from the laboratory, and at such times there was ever a smile and a blush; but after a simple salutation, she glided on and disappeared.

“’Tis plain,” thought Antonio, “my presence is indifferent if not irksome to her. She has noticed my admiration, and is determined to discourage it; nothing but a feeling of gratitude prevents her treating me with marked distaste: and then, has she not another lover; rich, gallant, splendid, musical; how can I suppose she would turn her eyes from so brilliant a cavalier, to a poor obscure student, raking among the cinders of her father’s laboratory?”

Indeed, the idea of the amorous serenader continually haunted his mind. He felt convinced that he was a favoured lover; yet, if so, why did he not frequent the tower? why did he not make his approaches by noon-day? There was mystery in this eavesdropping and musical courtship. Surely Inez could not be encouraging a secret intrigue. Oh no! she was too artless, too pure, too ingenuous. But then the Spanish females were so prone to love and intrigue; and music and moonlight were so seductive; and Inez had such a tender soul, languishing in every look.—“Oh!” would the poor scholar exclaim, clasping his hands, “if I could but once behold those lovely eyes beaming on me with affection!”

It is incredible to those who have not experienced it, on what scanty aliment human life and human love may be supported. A dry crust, thrown now and then to a starving man, will give him a new lease of existence; and a faint smile, or a kind look, bestowed at casual intervals, will keep a lover loving on, when a man in his sober senses would despair.

When Antonio found himself alone in the laboratory, his mind would be haunted by one of these looks, or smiles, which he had received in passing. He would set it in every possible light, and argue on it with all the self-pleasing self-teasing logic of a lover.

The country around him was enough to awaken that voluptuousness of feeling so favourable to the growth of passion. The window of the tower rose above the trees of the romantic valley of the Darro, and looked down upon some of the loveliest scenery of the Vega; where the groves of citrons and orange were refreshed by cool springs and brooks of the purest water. The Xenel and the Darro wound their shining streams along the plain, and gleamed from among its bowers. The surrounding hills were covered with vineyards, and the mountains crowned with snow seemed to melt into the blue sky. The delicate airs that played about the tower were perfumed by the fragrance of myrtle and orange blossoms, and the ear was charmed with the fond warbling of the nightingale, which,

in these happy regions, sings the whole day long. Sometimes, too, there was the idle song of the muleteer, sauntering along the solitary road; or the notes of the guitar from some group of peasants dancing in the shade. All these were enough to fill the head of a young lover with poetic fancies; and Antonio would picture to himself how he could live among those happy groves, and wander by those gentle rivers, and love away his life with Inez.

He felt at times impatient at his own weakness, and would endeavour to brush away these cobwebs of the mind. He would turn his thoughts with sudden effort, to his occult studies; or occupy himself in some perplexing process; but often when he had partially succeeded in fixing his attention, the sound of Inez' lute, or the soft notes of her voice would come stealing upon the stillness of the chamber, and, as it were, floating round the tower. There was no great art in her performance; but Antonio thought he had never heard music comparable to this. It was perfect witchcraft to hear her warble forth

some of her national melodies ; those little Spanish romances and Moorish ballads that transport the hearer, in idea, to the banks of the Guadalquivir or the walls of Alhambra, and make him dream of beauties, and balconies, and moonlight serenades.

Never was poor student more sadly beset than Antonio. Love is a troublesome companion in a study at the best of times ; but in the laboratory of an alchymist his intrusion is terribly disastrous. Instead of attending to the retorts and crucibles, and watching the process of some experiment entrusted to his charge, the student would get entranced in one of these love dreams, from which he would often be aroused by some fatal catastrophe. The philosopher, on returning from his researches in the libraries, would find every thing gone wrong, and Antonio in despair over the ruins of the whole day's work. The old man, however, took all quietly ; for his had been a life of experiments and failure.

“ We must have patience, my son,” would he say, “ as all the great masters that have gone be-

fore us have had. Errors, and accidents, and delays, are what we have to contend with. Did not Pontanus err two hundred times before he could obtain even the matter on which to found his experiments? The great Flamel too, did he not labour four and twenty years, before he ascertained the first agent? What difficulties and hardships did not Cartilaceus encounter at the very threshold of his discoveries? And Bernard de Treves; even after he had attained a knowledge of all the requisites, was he not delayed full three years? What you consider accidents, my son, are the machinations of our invisible enemies. The treasures and golden secrets of nature are surrounded by spirits hostile to man. The air about us teems with them. They lurk in the fire of the furnace, in the bottom of the crucible and the alembic, and are ever on the alert to take advantage of those moments when our minds are wandering from the intense meditation on the great truths that we are seeking. We must only strive the more to purify ourselves from those gross and earthly



feelings which becloud the soul, and prevent her from piercing into nature's arcana."—"Alas," thought Antonio, "if to be purified from all earthly feeling requires that I should cease to love Inez, I fear I shall never discover the philosopher's stone!"

In this way matters went on for some time at the alchymist's. Day after day was sending the student's gold in vapour up the chimney; every blast of the furnace made him a ducat the poorer, without apparently helping him a jot nearer the golden secret. Still the young man stood by, and saw piece after piece disappearing without a murmur; he had daily an opportunity of seeing Inez; he felt as if her favour would be better than silver or gold, and that every smile was worth a ducat.

Sometimes in the cool of the evening, when the toils of the laboratory happened to be suspended, he would walk with the alchymist, in what had once been a garden, belonging to the mansion. There were still the remains of terraces and ballustrades; and here and there a

marble urn or mutilated statue overturned, and buried among weeds and flowers run wild.

It was the favourite resort of the alchymist in his hours of relaxation ; where he would give full scope to his visionary flights. His mind was tinctured with the Rosycrucian doctrines. He believed in elementary beings ; some favourable, others adverse to his pursuits ; and in the exaltation of his fancy, had often imagined that he held communion with them in his solitary walks about the whispering groves and echoing walls of this old garden. When accompanied by Antonio, he would prolong these evening recreations. Indeed, he sometimes did it out of consideration for his disciple, for he feared his too close application, and his incessant seclusion in the tower, would be injurious to his health. He was delighted and surprised by this extraordinary zeal and perseverance in so young a tyro, and looked upon him as destined to be one of the great luminaries of the art. Lest the student should repine at the time lost in these relaxations, the good alchymist would fill them up with whole-

some knowledge in matters connected with their pursuit, and would walk up and down the alleys with his disciple, imparting oral instruction, like an ancient philosopher.

In all his visionary schemes there breathed a spirit of lofty though chimerical philanthropy that won the admiration of the scholar. Nothing sordid, nothing sensual, nothing petty or selfish seemed to enter into his views, in respect to the grand discoveries he was anticipating. On the contrary, his imagination kindled with conceptions of widely dispensated happiness. He looked forward to the time when he should be able to go about the earth relieving the indigent, comforting the distressed, and, by his unlimited means, devising and executing plans for the complete extirpation of poverty, and all its attendant sufferings and crimes. Never were grander schemes for universal good, for the distribution of boundless wealth and universal competence devised, than by this poor indigent alchemist in his ruined tower.

Antonio would attend these peripatetic lec-

tures with all the ardour of a devotee ; but there was another circumstance which may have given a secret charm to them. The garden was the resort also of Inez, where she took her walks of recreation ; the only exercise that her secluded life permitted.

As Antonio was duteously pacing by the side of his instructor, he would often catch a glimpse of the daughter walking pensively about the alleys, in the soft twilight. Sometimes they would meet her unexpectedly ; and the heart of the student would throb with agitation. A blush too would crimson the cheek of Inez ; but still she passed on, and never joined them.

He had remained one evening until rather a late hour, with the alchemist in this favourite resort. It was a delightful night, after a sultry day ; and the balmy air of the garden was peculiarly reviving. The old man was seated on a fragment of a pedestal ; looking like a part of the ruin on which he sat. He was edifying his pupil by reading long lessons of wisdom from the stars, as they shone out with brilliant lustre

in the dark blue vault of a southern sky ; and by quoting by memory from Behmen and other of the Rosycrucians, concerning the signature of earthly things and passing events, which may be discerned in the heavens ; of the power of the stars over corporeal beings, and their influence in the fortunes of the sons of men.

By degrees the moon arose, and shed her gleaming light among the chequered groves. Antonio apparently listened with fixed attention to the sage, but his ear was drinking in the melody of Inez' voice, who was singing to her lute in one of the moonlight glades of the garden. The old man having exhausted his theme, sat gazing in silent reverie at the heavens. Antonio could not resist an inclination to steal a look at this coy beauty that was playing the part of the nightingale, so sequestered and musical. Leaving the alchemist in his celestial reverie, he stole gently along one of the alleys. The music had ceased, and he thought he heard the sound of voices. He came to an angle of a copse that had screened a kind of green recess, ornamented

by a marble fountain. The moon shone full upon the place, and by its light he beheld his unknown serenading rival at the feet of Inez. He was detaining her by the hand, which he covered with kisses ; but at the sight of Antonio he started up, and half drew his sword, while Inez, disengaged, fled back to the house.

All the jealous doubts and fears of Antonio were now confirmed. He did not remain to encounter the resentment of his happy rival, at being thus interrupted ; but turned from the place with sudden wretchedness of heart. That Inez should love another would have been misery enough ; but that she should be capable of a dishonourable amour, shocked him in the extreme. The idea of deception in so young and apparently artless a being, brought with it that sudden distrust in human nature, so sickening to a youthful and ingenuous mind ; but when he thought of the kind simple parent she was deceiving, whose affections all centered in her, he felt for a moment a sentiment of indignation, and almost of aversion.

He found the alchymist still seated in visionary contemplation of the moon; "come hither, my son," said he, with his usual enthusiasm, "come read with me this vast volume of wisdom, thus nightly unfolded before us. Wisely did the Chaldean sages affirm that the heaven is as a mystic page, uttering speech to those who can rightly understand; warning them of good and evil, and instructing them in the secret decrees of fate."

The student's heart ached for his venerable master, and for a time he felt the futility of all his occult wisdom. "Alas! poor old man," thought he, "little dost thou dream, while busied in airy speculations among the stars, what a treason against thy happiness is going on under thine eye; as it were in thy very bosom.—Oh Inez! Inez! where shall we look for truth and innocence; where shall we repose in confidence in woman, if even you can deceive?"

It was a trite apostrophe, such as every lover makes when he finds his mistress not quite such a goddess as he had painted her. With

the student, however, it sprang from honest anguish of heart. He returned to his lodgings in pitiable confusion of mind. He now deplored the infatuation that had led him on until his feelings were so thoroughly engaged. He resolved to abandon his pursuits at the tower, and trust to absence to dispel the fascination by which he had been spell bound. He no longer thirsted after the discovery of the grand elixir; the dream of Alchymy was over; for without Inez, what was the value of the philosopher's stone?

He rose after a sleepless night, with the determination of taking his leave of the alchymist, and tearing himself from Granada. For several days did he rise with the same resolution, and every night saw him come back to his pillow, to repine at his want of resolution, and to make fresh determinations for the morrow. In the meanwhile he saw less of Inez than ever. She no longer walked in the garden, but remained almost entirely in her apartment. When she met him she blushed more



than usual ; and once hesitated, as if she would have spoken ; but after a temporary embarrassment, and still deeper blushes, she made some casual observation, and retired. Antonio read in this confusion a consciousness of fault, and of that fault's being discovered. " What could she have wished to communicate ? Perhaps to account for the scene in the garden ; but how can she account for it—or why should she account for it to me ? What am I to her ?—or, rather, what is she to me ?"—exclaimed he impatiently, with a new resolution to break through these entanglements of the heart, and fly from this enchanted spot for ever.

He was returning that very night to his lodgings, full of these excellent determinations, when, in a shadowy part of the road, he passed a person whom he recognized, by his height and form, for his rival. He was going in the direction of the tower. If any lingering doubts remained, here was an opportunity of settling them completely. He determined to follow this unknown cavalier, and, under fa-

your of the darkness, observe his movements. If he obtained access to the tower, or in any way a favourable reception, Antonio felt as if it would be a relief to his mind, and would enable him to fix his wavering resolution.

The unknown, as he came near the tower, was more cautious and stealthy in his approaches. He was joined under a clump of trees by another person, and they had much whispering together. A light was burning in the chamber of Inez, the curtain was drawn, but the casement was left open, as the night was warm. After some time the light was extinguished. A considerable interval elapsed. The cavalier and his companion remained under covert of the trees, as if keeping watch. At length they approached the tower with silent and cautious steps. The cavalier received a dark lanthorn from his companion, and threw off his cloak. The other then softly brought something from the clump of trees, which Antonio perceived to be a light ladder. He placed it against the wall, and the serenader gently ascended. A sickening sensation came over Antonio. Here was, indeed, a confirma-

tion of every fear. He was about to leave the place, never to return, when he heard a stifled shriek from Inez' chamber.

In an instant the fellow that stood at the foot of the ladder lay prostrate on the ground. Antonio wrested a stiletto from his nerveless hand, and hurried up the ladder. He sprang in at the window and found Inez struggling in the grasp of his fancied rival. The latter, disturbed from his prey, caught up his lanthorn, turned its light full upon Antonio, and drawing his sword, made a furious assault; luckily the student saw the light gleam along the blade, and parried the thrust with the stiletto. A fierce but unequal combat ensued. Antonio fought exposed to the full glare of the light, while his antagonist was in shadow. His stiletto too was but a poor defence against a rapier; he saw that nothing would save him but closing with his adversary and getting within his weapon; he rushed furiously upon him, and gave him a severe blow with the stiletto; but received a wound in return from the shortened sword. At the same moment a

blow was inflicted from behind by the confederate, who had ascended the ladder. It felled him to the floor ; and his antagonists made their escape.

By this time the cries of Inez had brought her father and the domestic to the room. Antonio was found weltering in his blood, and senseless. He was conveyed to the chamber of the alchemist, who now repaid, in kind, the attentions which the student had once bestowed upon him. Among his varied knowledge he possessed some skill in surgery, which at this moment was of more value than even his chymical lore. He stanchd and dressed the wounds of his disciple ; which on examination proved less desperate than he had at first apprehended.

For a few days, however, his case was anxious, and attended with danger. The old man watched over him with the affection of a parent. He felt a double debt of gratitude towards him on account of his daughter and himself ; he loved him too as a faithful and zealous

disciple ; and he dreaded lest the world should be deprived of the promising talents of so aspiring an alchymist.

An excellent constitution soon medicined his wounds ; and there was a balsam in the looks and words of Inez that had a healing effect on still severer wounds, which he carried in his heart. She displayed the strongest interest in his safety ; she called him her deliverer—her preserver. It seemed as if her grateful disposition sought in the warmth of its acknowledgments to repay him for past coldness.

But what most contributed to Antonio's recovery, was her explanation concerning his supposed rival. It was some time since he had first beheld her at church ; and he had ever since persecuted her with his attentions.

He had beset her in her walks until she had been obliged to confine herself to the house, except when accompanied by her father. He had besieged her with letters, serenades, and every art by which he could urge a vehement but clandestine and dishonourable suit. The scene

in the garden was as much a surprise to her as to Antonio. Her persecutor had been attracted by her voice, and had found his way over a ruined part of the wall. He had come upon her unawares ; was detaining her by force, and pleading his insulting passion, when the appearance of the student interrupted him, and enabled her to make her escape. She had forborne to mention to her father the persecution which she suffered ; she wished to spare him unavailing anxiety and distress, and had determined to confine herself more rigorously to the house ; though it appeared that even here she had not been safe from his daring enterprize.

Antonio inquired whether she knew the name of this impetuous admirer. She replied that he had made his advances under a fictitious name, but that she had heard him once called by the name of Don Ambrosio de Loxa.

Antonio knew him by report for one of the most determined and dangerous libertines in all Granada. Artful, accomplished, and if he chose to be so, insinuating ; but daring and headlong

in the pursuit of his pleasures ; violent and implacable in his resentments. He rejoiced to find that Inez had been proof against his seductions, and had been inspired with loathing by his splendid profligacy ; but he trembled to think of the dangers she had run ; and he felt solicitude about the dangers that must yet environ her.

At present, however, it was probable the enemy had a temporary quietus. The traces of blood had been found for some distance from the ladder, until they were lost among thickets ; and as nothing had been heard or seen of him since, it was concluded that he had been seriously wounded.

As the student recovered from his wounds, he was enabled to join Inez and her father in their domestic intercourse. The chamber in which they usually met had probably been a saloon of state in former times. The floor was of marble ; the walls partially covered with the remains of tapestry ; the chairs richly carved, and covered with tarnished and tattered brocade. Against the wall hung a long rusty rapier, the only re-

lique that the old man retained of the chivalry of his ancestors. There might have been something to provoke a smile in the contrast between the mansion and its inhabitants ; between present poverty and the traces of departed grandeur ; but the fancy of the student had thrown so much romance about the edifice and its inmates, that every thing was clothed with charms. The philosopher, with his broken down pride, and his strange pursuits, seemed to comport with the melancholy ruin he inhabited ; and there was a native elegance of spirit about the daughter, that showed she would have graced the mansion in its happier days.

What delicious moments were these to the student. Inez was no longer coy and reserved. She was naturally artless and confiding : though the kind of persecution she had experienced, from one admirer, had rendered her for a time suspicious and circumspect. She now felt an entire confidence in the sincerity and worth of Antonio, mingled with an overflowing gratitude. When her eyes met his they beamed with sym-



pathy and kindness ; and Antonio, no longer haunted by the idea of a favoured rival, once more aspired to success.

At these domestic meetings, however, he had little opportunity of paying his court except by looks : The alchymist, supposing him, like himself, absorbed in the study of alchymy, endeavoured to cheer the tediousness of his recovery by long conversations on the art. He even brought several of his half burnt volumes, that the student had once rescued from the flames, and entertained him by the hour by reading copious chapters. The old man delighted in the mystic phrases and symbolical jargon in which the writers that have treated of alchymy have wrapped their communications, rendering them unintelligible except to the initiated. With what rapture would he elevate his voice at a triumphant passage announcing the grand discovery. "Thou shalt see," would he exclaim in the words of Henry Kuhnrade,\* "the stone of the philosophers (our king) go forth of the bed-cham-

\* Amphitheatre of the Eternal Wisdom.

ber of his glassy sepulchre into the theatre of this world ; that is to say, regenerated and made perfect, a shining carbuncle, a most temperate splendour, whose most subtle and depurated parts re inseparable, united into one with a concordial mixture, exceeding equal, transparent as chrystal, shining red like a ruby, permanently colouring or ringing, fixt in all temptations or tryals ; yea, in the examination of the burning sulphur itself, and the devouring waters, and in the most vehement persecution of the fire always incombustible and permanent, as a salamander !”

The student had a high veneration for the fathers of alchymy, and a profound respect for his instructor ; but what was Henry Kuhnrade, Geber, Lully, or even Albertus Magnus himself, compared to the countenance of Inez, which presented such a page of beauty to his perusal ? While, therefore, the good alchymist was doling out knowledge by the hour, his disciple would forget books, alchymy, every thing but the lovely object before him.

Inez, too, unpractised in the science of the heart, was gradually becoming fascinated by the silent attentions of her lover. Day by day she seemed more and more perplexed by the kindling and strangely pleasing emotions of her bosom. Her eye was often cast down in thought. Blushes stole to her cheek without any apparent cause; and light, half suppressed sighs would follow these short fits of musing. Her little ballads, though the same that she had always sung, yet breathed a more tender spirit. Either the tones of her voice were most soft and touching; or some passages were delivered with a feeling which she had never before given them. Antonio, beside his love for the abstruse sciences, had a pretty turn for music; and never did philosopher touch the guitar more tastefully. As by degrees he conquered the mutual embarrassment that kept them asunder, he ventured to accompany her in some of her songs. He had a voice full of fire and tenderness; as he sang one would have thought, from the kindling blushes of his companion, that he had been

pleading his own passion in her ear. Let those who would keep two youthful hearts asunder beware of music—Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music book, and entwining of voices, and melting away in harmonies; the German waltz is nothing to it. The worthy alchymist saw nothing of all this. His mind could admit of no idea that was not connected with the discovery of the grand Arcanum; and he supposed his youthful coadjutor equally devoted. He was a mere child as to human nature; and, as to the passion of love, whatever he might once have felt of it, he had long since forgotten that there was such an idle passion in existence. But while he dreamed, the silent amour went on. The very quiet and seclusion of the place was favourable to the growth of romantic passion. The opening bud of love was able to put forth leaf by leaf, without an adverse wind to check its growth. There was neither officious friendship to chill by its advice, nor insidious envy to wither by its sneers, nor an observing world to look on and stare it out

of countenance. There was neither declaration, nor vow, nor any other form of Cupid's canting school. Their hearts mingled together, and understood each other without the aid of language. They lapsed into the full current of affection, unconscious of its depth, and thoughtless of the rocks that might lurk beneath its surface. Happy lovers! who wanted nothing to make their felicity complete, but the discovery of the philosopher's stone!

At length Antonio's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to return to his lodgings in Granada. He felt uneasy, however, at leaving the tower, while lurking danger might surround its almost defenceless inmates. He dreaded lest Don Ambrosio, recovered from his wounds, might plot some new attempt, by secret art or open violence. From all that he had heard, he knew him to be too implacable to suffer his defeat to pass unrevenged, and too rash and fearless, when his arts were unavailing, to stop at any daring deed in the accomplishment of his purposes. He urged his apprehensions to the

alchemist and his daughter, and proposed that they should abandon the dangerous vicinity of Granada.

"I have relations," said he, "in Valentia, poor indeed, but worthy and affectionate. Among them you will find friendship and quiet; and we may there pursue our labours unmolested." He went on to paint the beauties and delights of Valentia with all the eloquence with which a lover paints the fields and groves which he is picturing as the future scenes of his happiness. His eloquence, backed by the apprehensions of Inez, was successful with the alchemist; who, indeed, had led too unsettled a life to be particular about the place of his residence, and it was determined, that as soon as Antonio's health was perfectly restored, they should abandon the tower and seek the neighbourhood of Valentia.

To recruit his strength the student suspended his toils in the laboratory, and spent the few remaining days before departure, in taking a farewell look at the enchanting environs of Granada. He felt returning health and vigour as he in-

haled the pure temperate breezes that play about its hills ; and the happy state of his mind contributed to his rapid recovery. Inez was often the companion of his walks. Her descent by the mother's side, from one of the ancient Moorish families, gave her an interest in this once favourite seat of Arabian power. She gazed with enthusiasm upon its magnificent monuments, and her memory was filled with the traditional tales and ballads of Moorish chivalry. Indeed, the solitary life she had led, and the visionary turn of her father's mind had produced an effect upon her character, and given it a tinge of what in modern days would be called romance. All this was called into full force by this new passion ; for when a woman first begins to love, life is all romance to her.

In one of their evening strolls they had ascended to the mountain of the sun, where is situated the Generaliffe, the palace of pleasure in the days of Moorish dominion, but now, a gloomy convent of Capuchins. They had wandered about its garden, among groves of

orange, citron, and cypresses ; where the waters, leaping in torrents, or gushing in fountains, or tossed aloft in sparkling jets, fill the air with music and freshness. Still there is a melancholy mingled with all the beauties of this garden, that gradually stole over the feelings of the lovers. The place is full of the sad story of past times. It was the favourite abode of the lovely Queen of Granada, where she was surrounded by the delights of a gay and voluptuous court. It was here, too, amidst her own bowers of roses, that her slanderers laid the base story of her dishonour, and struck a fatal blow to the line of the gallant Abencerrages.

The whole garden has a look of ruin and neglect. Many of the fountains are dry and broken ; the streams have wandered from their marble channels, and are choked by weeds and yellow leaves ; the reed whistles to the wind where it had once sported among roses and shaken perfume from the orange blossom ; the convent bell flings its sullen sound ; or the drow-



sy vesper hymn floats along these solitudes, which once resounded with the song and the dance and the lover's serenade. Well may the Moors lament over the loss of this earthly paradise ; well may they remember it in their prayers, and beseech heaven to restore it to the faithful ; well may their ambassadors smite their breasts when they wander among these monuments of their race, and sit down and weep among the fading glories of Granada !

It is impossible to wander among these scenes of departed love and gayety and not feel the tenderness of the heart awakened. It was then that Antonio first ventured to breathe his passion, and to express by words what his eyes had long since so eloquently revealed. He made his avowal with fervour, but with frankness. He had no gay prospects to hold out ; he was a poor scholar, dependent on his "good spirits to feed and clothe him." But a woman in love is no interested calculator. Inez listened to him with downcast eyes, but in them was a humble gleam, that showed her heart was with him.

She had no prudery in her nature ; and she had not been sufficiently in society to acquire it. She loved him with all the absence of worldliness of a genuine woman ; and amidst timid smiles and blushes he drew from her a modest acknowledgment of her affection. They wandered about the garden with sweet intoxication of the soul, which none but happy lovers know. The world about them was all fairy land, and indeed it spread forth one of its fairest scenes before their eyes, as if to fulfil their dream of earthly happiness. They looked out from between groves of orange upon the towers of Granada below them ; the magnificent plain of the Vega beyond, streaked with evening sunshine, and the distant hills tinted with rosy and purple hues ; it seemed an emblem of the happy future that love and hope was decking out for them.

As if to make the scene complete, a group of Andalusians struck up a dance in one of the vistas of the garden, to the notes of the guitars of two wandering musicians. The Spanish music is wild and plaintive, yet the people dance

to it with enthusiasm. The picturesque figures of the dancers; the girls with their hair in silken nets, that hung in knots and tassels down their backs; their mantillas floating round their airy figures; their slender feet and ankles peeping from under their basquines; their arms thrown up in the air to play the castanets; had a beautiful effect on this airy height, with the rich evening landscape spreading out below them.

In a little while the dance ceased; two of the parties approached Antonio and Inez, and began a soft and tender Moorish ballad, accompanied by the lute. It alluded to the story of the garden; the wrongs of the fair Queen of Granada, and the misfortunes of the Abencerrages. It was one of those old ballads that abound in Andalusia, and seem to live like echoes about the ruins of Moorish greatness. The tears rose into the eyes of Inez as she listened to the tale; her heart was open to every tender impression.

The singer approached her, and suddenly varying her manner, sang of impending danger and treachery; the manner, the look, the ges-

ticulation of the singer was such as to make it pointed and startling. She was about to ask the meaning of this evidently personal application of the song, when she was interrupted by Antonio, who gently drew her from the place. While she had been lost in attention to the music, he had remarked a group of men in the shadow of the trees, whispering together. They were enveloped in the broad hats and great cloaks so much worn by the Spanish, and while they were regarding himself and Inez attentively, seemed anxious to avoid observation. Not knowing what might be their character or intention, he hastened to quit a place where the gathering shadows of evening might expose them to intrusion and insult. On their way down the hill, as they passed through the woods of elms, mingled with poplars and oleanders, that skirt the road leading from the Alhambra, he again saw these men, apparently following at a distance ; and he afterwards caught sight of them among the trees on the banks of the Darro. He said nothing on the subject to Inez nor

her father ; for he would not awaken unnecessary alarm ; but he felt at a loss how to ascertain or to avert any machinations that might be devising against the helpless inhabitants of the tower.

He took his leave of them at night, full of this perplexity. As he left the dreary old pile, he saw some one lurking in the shadow of the wall, apparently watching his movements. He hastened after the figure, but it glided away, and disappeared among some ruins. Shortly after he heard a low whistle, which was answered from a little distance. He had no longer a doubt but that some mischief was on foot, and turned to hasten back to the tower and put its inmates on their guard. He had scarcely turned, however, before he found himself suddenly seized from behind by some one of Herculean strength. His struggles were in vain ; he was surrounded by armed men. One threw a mantle over him, that stifled his cries and enveloped him in its folds, and he was hurried off with irresistible rapidity.

The next day passed without the appearance

of Antonio at the alchymist's. Another, and another day succeeded, and yet he did not come, nor had any thing been heard of him at his lodgings. His absence caused, at first, surprise and conjecture, and at length alarm. Inez recollected the singular intimations of the ballad singer upon the mountain, which seemed to warn her of impending danger, and her mind was full of vague forebodings. She sat listening to every sound at the gate, or tread on the stairs. She would take up her guitar and strike a few notes, but it would not do, her heart was sickening with suspense and anxiety. She had never before felt what it was to be really lonely. She now was conscious of the force of that attachment which had taken possession of her breast; for never do we know how much we love; never do we know how necessary the object of our love is to our happiness, until we experience the weary void of separation.

The philosopher, too, felt the absence of his disciple, almost as sensibly as did his daughter. The animating buoyancy of the youth had in-

spired him with new ardour ; and had given to his labours the charm of full companionship. However, he had resources and consolations of which his daughter was destitute. His pursuits were of a nature to occupy every thought, and keep the spirits in a state of continual excitement. Certain indications, too, had lately manifested themselves, of the most favourable nature. Forty days and forty nights had the process gone on successfully ; the old man's hopes were constantly rising, and he now considered the glorious moment once more at hand, when he should obtain not merely the Major Lunaria, but likewise the Tinctura Solaris, the means of multiplying gold, and of prolonging existence. He remained, therefore, continually shut up in his laboratory, watching his furnace ; for a moment's inadvertency might once more defeat all his expectations.

He was sitting one evening at one of his solitary vigils, wrapped up in meditation ; the hour was late, and his neighbour, the owl, was hooting from the battlements of the tower, when he

heard the door open behind him. Supposing it to be his daughter coming to take her leave of him for the night, as was her frequent practice, he called her by name, but a harsh voice met his ear in reply ; he was grasped by the arms, and looking up, perceived three strange men in the chamber. He attempted to shake them off, but in vain. He called for help, but they scoffed at his cries.

“ Peace, dotard !” cried one, “ think’st thou the servants of the most holy inquisition are to be daunted by thy clamours ! comrades, away with him !”

Without heeding his remonstrances and entreaties, they seized upon his books and papers, took some note of the apartment and the utensils, and then bore him off a prisoner.

Inez, left to herself, had passed a sad and lonely evening ; by a casement which looked into a garden, she had pensively watched star after star sparkle out of the blue depths of the sky, and was indulging a crowd of anxious thoughts about her lover, until the rising tears began to



flow. She was suddenly alarmed by the sound of voices that seemed to come from a distant part of the mansion. There was, not long after, a noise of several persons descending the stairs; surprised at these unusual sounds in their lonely habitation, she remained for a few moments in a state of trembling, yet indistinct apprehension; when the servant rushed into the room with terror in her countenance, and informed her that her father was carried off by armed men. Inez did not stop to hear farther, but flew down stairs to overtake them. She had scarcely passed the threshold when she found herself in the grasp of strangers.

“ Away! away!” cried she wildly; “ do not stop me; let me follow my father.”

“ We are come to conduct you to him, Senora,” said one of the men, respectfully.

“ Where is he then?”

“ He is gone to Granada,” replied the man, “ an unexpected circumstance requires his presence there immediately; but he is among friends.”

“We have no friends in Granada,” said Inez, drawing back ; but then the idea of Antonio rushed to her mind ; something relating to him might have called her father thither. “Is Senor Antonio de Castros with him ?” demanded she with agitation.

“I know not, Senora,” replied the man, “it is very possible. I only know that he is among friends, and is anxious for you to follow him.” “Let us go then,” cried she eagerly ; the men led her a little distance to where a mule was waiting ; and assisting her to mount, they conducted her slowly towards the city.

Granada was on that evening a scene of fanciful revel. It was one of the festivals of the Maestranza—an association of the nobility to keep up some of the gallant customs of ancient chivalry. There had been a representation of a tournament in one of the squares ; the streets would still occasionally resound with the beat of a solitary drum, or the bray of a trumpet, from some straggling party of revellers. Sometimes they were met by cavaliers richly dressed in ancient costumes, attended by their squires,

and at one time they passed in sight of a palace brilliantly illuminated, from whence came the mingled sounds of music and the dance. Shortly after they came to the square, where the mock tournament had been held. It was thronged by the populace, recreating themselves among booths and stalls where refreshments were sold ; and the glare of torches showed the temporary galleries, and gay coloured awnings and armorial trophies, and other paraphernalia of the show. The conductors of Inez endeavoured to keep out of observation, and to traverse a gloomy part of the square ; but they were detained at one place by the pressure of a crowd surrounding a party of wandering musicians, singing one of those ballads of which the Spanish populace are so passionately fond. The torches which were held by some of the crowd threw a strong mass of light upon Inez, and the sight of so beautiful a being, without mantilla or veil, looking so bewildered, and conducted by men who seemed to take no gratification in the surrounding gayety, occasioned expressions

of curiosity. One of the ballad singers approached, and striking her guitar with peculiar earnestness, began to sing a doleful air, full of sinister forebodings. Inez started with surprise. It was the same ballad singer that had addressed her in the gardens of Generaliffe. She was young and beautiful, with an air of wildness and melancholy.

It was the same air that she had then sung. It spoke of impending dangers. They seemed indeed to be thickening around her. She was anxious to speak with this girl, and to ascertain whether indeed she had a knowledge of any definite evil that was threatening her ; but as she attempted to address her, the mule on which she rode was suddenly seized and led forcibly through the throng by one of her conductors, while she saw another addressing menacing words to the ballad singer. The latter raised her hand with a warning gesture as Inez lost sight of her.

While Inez was yet lost in perplexity, caused by this singular occurrence, they stopped at the gate of a large mansion. One of her attendants

knocked, the door was opened, and they entered a paved court. "Where are we?" demanded Inez with anxiety. "At the house of a friend, Senora," replied the man. "Ascend this staircase with me, and in a moment you will meet your father." They ascended the staircase that led to a suite of splendid apartments. They passed through several until they came to an inner chamber. The door opened; some one approached; but what was her terror at perceiving, not her father, but Don Ambrosio. The men who had seized upon the alchymist had at least been more honest in their professions. They were, indeed, familiars of the inquisition. He was conducted in silence to the gloomy prison of that terrible tribunal. It was a mansion whose every aspect withered joy, and almost shut out hope. It was one of those hideous abodes which the bad passions of men conjure up in this fair world to rival the fancied dens of demons and the accursed.

Day after day went heavily by without any thing to mark the lapse of time but the decline

and reappearance of the light that feebly glimmered through the narrow window of the dungeon in which the unfortunate alchymist was buried, rather than confined. His mind was harassed with uncertainties and fears about his daughter, so helpless and inexperienced. He endeavoured to gather tidings of her from the man who brought his daily portion of food. The fellow stared, as if astonished at being asked a question in that mansion of silence and mystery ; but departed without saying a word. Every succeeding attempt was equally fruitless.

The poor alchymist was oppressed by many griefs, and it was not the least that he had been again interrupted in his labours on the very point of success. Never was alchymist so near attaining the golden secret ; a little longer, and all his hopes would have been realized. The thoughts of these disappointments afflicted him more even than the fear of all that he might suffer from the merciless inquisition. His waking thoughts would follow him into his dreams. He would be transported in fancy to his laboratory, busied

again among retorts and alembics, and surrounded by Lully, by D'Abano, by Olibius, and the other masters of the sublime art. The moment of projection would arrive; a seraphic form would arise out of the furnace, holding forth a vessel containing the precious elixir; but before he could grasp the prize, he would awake, and find himself in a dungeon.

All the devices of inquisitorial ingenuity were employed to ensnare the old man, and to draw from him evidence that might be brought against himself, and might corroborate certain secret information that had been given against him. He had been accused of practising necromancy, and judicial astrology, and a cloud of evidence had been secretly brought forward to substantiate the charge. It would be tedious to enumerate all the circumstances, apparently corroborative, which had been industriously cited by the secret accuser. The silence which prevailed about the tower; its desolateness; the very quiet of its inhabitants had been adduced as proofs that something sinister was perpetrated within.

The alchymist's conversations and soliloquies in the garden had been overheard and misrepresented. The lights and strange appearances at night in the tower were given with violent exaggerations. Shrieks and yells were said to have been heard from thence at midnight, when, it was confidently asserted, the old man raised familiar spirits by his incantations; and even compelled the dead to rise from their graves and answer to his questionings.

The alchymist, according to the custom of the inquisition, was kept in complete ignorance of his accuser; of the witnesses produced against him; even of the crimes of which he was accused. He was examined generally; whether he knew why he was arrested; and was conscious of any guilt that might deserve the notice of the holy office? He was examined as to his country; his life; his habits; his pursuits; his actions and opinions.

The old man was frank and simple in his replies; he was conscious of no guilt; capable of no art, practised in no dissimulation. After receiving



a general admonition to bethink himself whether he had not committed any act deserving of punishment, and to prepare by confession to secure the well-known mercy of the tribunal, he was remanded to his cell.

He was now visited in his dungeon by crafty familiars of the inquisition, who under pretence of sympathy and kindness came to beguile the tediousness of his imprisonment with friendly conversation. They casually introduced the subject of alchymy, on which they touched with great caution and pretended indifference. There was no need of such craftiness. The honest enthusiast had no suspicion in his nature ; the moment they touched upon his favourite theme, he forgot his misfortunes and imprisonment, and broke forth into rhapsodies about the divine science.

The conversation was artfully turned to the discussion of elementary beings. The alchymist readily avowed his belief in them, and that there had been instances of their attending upon philosophers, and administering to their

wishes. He related many miracles said to have been performed by Apollonius Thianeus through the aid of spirits or demons; insomuch that he was set up by the heathens in opposition to the Messiah; and was even regarded with reverence by many Christians. The familiars eagerly demanded whether he believed Apollonius to be a true and worthy philosopher. The unaffected piety of the alchemist protected him even in the midst of his simplicity, for he condemned Apollonius as a sorcerer and an impostor. No art could ever draw from him an admission that he had ever employed or invoked spiritual agencies in the prosecution of his pursuits; though he believed himself to have been frequently impeded by them.

The inquisitors were baffled and disappointed in not being able to inveigle him into a confession of a criminal nature; they attributed it to craft; to obstinacy; to every cause but the right one, namely, that the harmless visionary had nothing guilty to confess.

They had abundant proof of a secret nature

against him ; but it was the practice of the inquisition to endeavour to procure confession from the prisoners.

An auto-da-fé was at hand ; the worthy fathers were eager for his conviction, for they were always anxious to have a good number of culprits condemned to the stake, to grace their solemn triumphs. He was at length brought to a final examination.

The chamber of trial was spacious and gloomy. At one end was a huge crucifix, the standard of the inquisition. A long table extended through the centre of the room, at which sat the inquisitors and their secretary ; at the other end a stool was placed for the prisoner. He was brought in, according to custom, bare headed and bare legged. He was enfeebled by confinement and affliction, by constantly brooding over the unknown fate of his child, and the disastrous interruption of his experiments. He sat bowed down and listless ; his head sunk upon his breast ; his whole appearance that of one “ past hope, abandoned, and by himself given over.”

The accusation alleged against him was now brought forward in a specific form ; he was called upon by name, Felix de Vasquez, formerly of Castile, to answer to the charges of necromancy and demonology ; he was told that the charges were amply substantiated, and was asked whether he was ready, by ample confession, to throw himself upon the well-known mercy of the holy inquisition.

The philosopher testified some slight surprise at the accusation, but simply replied, "I am innocent."

What proof have you to give of your innocence ?" "It rather remains for you to prove your charges," cried the old man ; "I am a stranger and a sojourner in the land, and know no one out of the doors of my dwelling. I can give nothing in my vindication but the word of a nobleman and a Castilian."

The inquisitor shook his head, and went on to repeat the various inquiries that had before been made as to his mode of life and pursuit. The poor alchymist was too feeble and weary at heart to make any but brief replies. He re-

requested that some man of science might examine his laboratory and all his books and papers ; by which it would be made abundantly evident that he was merely engaged in the study of alchymy.

To this the inquisitor observed that alchymy had become a mere covert for secret and deadly sins. That the practisers of it were known to scruple at no means to satisfy their inordinate greediness of gold. Some had been known to use spells and impious ceremonies ; to conjure the aid of evil spirits ; nay even to sell their souls to the enemy of mankind, so that they might riot in boundless wealth while living.

The poor alchymist had heard all patiently, or at least passively. He had disdained to vindicate his name otherwise than by his word ; he had smiled at the accusations of sorcery, when applied merely to himself ; but, when the sublime art which had been the study and passion of his life was assailed, he could no longer listen in silence. His head gradually rose from his bosom. A hectic colour came in faint streaks to his

cheeks ; played about there ; disappeared ; returned ; and at length kindled into a burning glow. The clammy dampness dried from his forehead ; his eyes, which had been nearly extinguished, lighted up again, and burned with their wonted and visionary fires.

He entered into a vindication of his favourite art. His voice at first was feeble and broken, but it gathered strength as he proceeded until it rolled in a deep and sonorous volume. He gradually rose from his seat as he rose with his subject ; he threw back the scanty black mantle which had hitherto wrapped his limbs ; the very uncouthness of his form and looks gave an impressive effect to what he uttered ; it was as though a corpse had become suddenly animated. He repelled with scorn the aspersions cast upon alchymy by the ignorant and vulgar. He assumed it to be the mother of all art and science, citing the opinions of Paracelsus, Sandivogius, Raymond Lully, and others, in support of his assertions. He maintained that it was pure, and innocent, and honourable, both in its purposes

and means. What were its objects? The perpetuation of life and youth, and the production of gold. "The Elixir Vitæ," said he "is no charmed potion, but merely a concentration of those elements of vitality which nature has scattered through her works. The philosopher's stone, or tincture, or powder, as it is variously called, is no necromantic talisman, but consists simply of those particles which gold contains within itself, for its reproduction; for gold, like other things, has its seed within itself, though bound up with inconceivable firmness, from the vigour of innate fixed salts and sulphurs.

"In seeking to discover the elixir of life, then," continued he, "we seek only to apply some of nature's own specifics against the disease and decay to which our bodies are subjected; and what else does the physician, when he tasks his art and uses subtle compounds and cunning distillations to revive our languishing powers, and avert the stroke of death for a season?

"In seeking to multiply the precious metals, also, we seek but to germinate and multiply, by

natural means, a particular species of nature's productions ; and what else does the husbandman, who consults times and seasons, and, by what might be deemed a natural magic, from the mere scattering of his hand, covers a whole plain with golden vegetation ? The mysteries of our art, it is true, are deeply and darkly hidden ; but it requires so much the more innocence and purity of thought to penetrate unto them. No, father, the true alchemist must be pure in mind and body ; he must be temperate, patient, chaste, watchful, meek, humble, devout. ' My son,' says Hermes Trismegestes, the great master of our art, ' My son, I recommend you above all things to fear God.' And, indeed, it is only by devout castigation of the senses, and purification of the soul, that he is enabled to enter into the sacred chambers of truth. ' Labour, pray, and read,' is the motto of our science. As De Nuysment well observes, ' these high and singular favours are granted unto none save only unto the sons of God, (that is to say, the virtuous and devout,) who, under his paternal bene-



dition, have obtained the opening of the same, by the helping hand of the queen of arts, profound philosophy.' Indeed, so sacred has the nature of this knowledge been considered, that we are told it has four times been expressly communicated by God to man ; having made a part of that cabalistical wisdom, which was revealed to Adam to console him for the loss of paradise, and to Moses in the bush, and to Solomon in a dream, and to Esdras by the angel.

“ So far from demons and malignant spirits being the friends and abettors of the alchymist, they are the continual foes with which he has to contend. It is their constant endeavour to shut up the avenues to those truths, which would enable him to rise above the abject state into which he has fallen, and to return to that excellence which was his original birth-right. For what would be the effect of this length of days, and this abundant wealth, but to enable the possessor to go on from art to art, from science to science, with energies unimpaired by sickness, uninterrupted by death. For this have philoso-

phers shut themselves up in cells and solitudes ; buried themselves in caves and dens of the earth ; turning from the joys of life and the pleasanee of the world ; enduring scorn, poverty, persecution. For this was Raymond Lully stoned to death in Mauritania ; for this did the immortal Pietro D'Abano suffer persecution at Padua ; and when he escaped from his oppressors by death, was pitifully burnt in effigy. For this have illustrious men of all nations intrepidly suffered martyrdom. For this, if unmolested, have they assiduously employed the latest hour of their life, the last throb of existence. Hoping, that even with the last gasp of expiring life, they might seize upon the prize for which they struggled, and pluck themselves back even from the jaws of the grave. For, when once the alchymist shall have attained the object of his toils ; when the sublime secret shall be revealed to his gaze, what a glorious reverse will there be in his condition. How will he emerge from his solitary retreat, like the sun breaking forth from the darksome chamber of the night, and darting

his beams throughout the earth. Gifted with perpetual youth and boundless riches, to what heights of wisdom may he attain. How may he carry on, uninterrupted, the thread of knowledge which has hitherto been snapped at the death of each philosopher. And as the increase of wisdom is the increase of virtue, how will he become the benefactor of his fellow men; dispensing with liberal, but cautious and discriminating hand, that inexhaustible wealth which is at his disposal. Banishing poverty, which is the cause of so much sorrow and wickedness; encouraging the arts; promoting discoveries, and enlarging the means of enjoyment. His life will be the connecting band of generations. History will live in his recollection; distant ages will speak with his tongue. The nations of the earth will look to him as their preceptor, and kings will sit at his feet and learn wisdom. Oh glorious! Oh celestial alchymy!"

Here he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who had suffered him to go on thus far, in hopes of gathering something from his unguarded enthu-

siasm. "Senor," said he, "this is all rambling, visionary talk. You are charged with sorcery, and in defence you give us a rhapsody about alchemy. Have you nothing better than this to offer in your defence?"

The old man slowly resumed his seat, but did not deign a reply. The fire that had beamed in his eye gradually expired. His cheek resumed its wonted paleness; but he did not relapse into inanity. He sat with a serene, steady, patient look, like one prepared not to contend, but to suffer.

His trial continued for a long time, with cruel mockery of justice, for no witnesses were ever in this court confronted with the accused, and the latter had continually to defend himself in the dark. Some unknown and powerful enemy had alleged charges against the unfortunate alchemist, but who he could not imagine. Stranger and sojourner as he was in the land, solitary and harmless in his pursuits, how could he have provoked such hostility! The tide of secret testimony, however, was too strong against him; he

was convicted of the crime of magic, and condemned to expiate his sins at the stake, at the approaching auto-da-fé.

While the alchymist was undergoing his trial at the inquisition, his unhappy daughter was exposed to trials no less severe. Don Ambrosio, into whose hands she had fallen, was, as has before been intimated, one of the most daring and lawless profligates in all Granada. He was a man of hot blood and headlong passions, that stopped at nothing in pursuit of his desires ; yet with all these he possessed manners, address, and accomplishments, that had made him eminently successful with the sex. He was sated, however, with easy conquests, and wearied with a life of continual and prompt gratification. There had been a degree of difficulty and enterprize in the pursuit of Inez that he had never before experienced. It had aroused him from the monotony of mere sensual life, and stimulated him with all the charm of adventure. Now that he had her in his power he was determined to protract the pleasure of pursuit. He was vain of

his person and address, and it was a kind of trial of skill to endeavour to gain by art and ingenuity what he could at any time obtain by violence.

He affected to treat her with respect and kindness. He endeavoured to soothe her alarms concerning her father by assurances of his safety, and that she should soon be restored to him. Every means was lavished to calm and soften her; and, if possible, to dispose her mind to favourable impressions. The house resounded with soft music; the apartments breathed perfumes; all about her enticed to pleasure and voluptuousness; but the heart of Inez turned with distaste from the cruel mockery; and if ever Don Ambrosio, deceived by the mute dejection into which she would sometimes sink, would attempt to plead his passion, she recoiled from him with loathing and detestation.

The vanity of Don Ambrosio was at length incensed at this inflexible scorn from one whom he considered so far beneath him; and who ought to have felt honoured by his admiration. Still he was determined that his triumph should

be by artifice, and that she should be in a manner accessory to her own dishonour. Since all his arts of seduction were of no avail, he endeavoured to conquer her through her fears. He now informed her of her father's confinement in the prison of the inquisition ; that his case was desperate ; that it depended upon the evidence of Don Ambrosio, and others who were at his beck, either to save or destroy him ; " but I am wrong," added he, " it is with you, beautiful Inez, to say the word of life or death. One kind word, and you will behold me at your feet ; your father at liberty and in affluence, and we shall all be happy."

Inez listened to him with scorn and disbelief ; she looked upon it as another of his deceptions. " My father," exclaimed she, " is too inoffensive to attract persecution ; he is too innocent and good to be suspected of crime ; 'tis a base, a cruel artifice !" Don Ambrosio repeated what he had said, with solemn protestations of its truth, but she turned from him with indignation ; and he felt awed and surprised at the pride and

loftiness of her demeanour. He had now gone too far to retrace his steps and resume the affectation of kindness. A few days after he brought her the proclamation of the approaching auto-da-fé, in which the prisoners were enumerated. She glanced her eye over it, and saw her father's name, condemned to the stake for sorcery. For a moment her brain reeled ; she stood transfixed with horror. 'The artful Ambrosio seized upon the transient calm. "Think now, beautiful Inez," said he, with a tone of affected tenderness ; "his life is yet in your hands ; one word from you, and I can save him."

"Monster ! wretch ! murderer !" exclaimed she, recoiling with shuddering abhorrence. Then clasping her hands with frantic violence, "Oh my father ! my father !" cried she, in a tone of frantic agony.

The perfidious Ambrosio saw the torture of her soul, and anticipated from it a triumph. He saw she was in no mood, during her present paroxysm, to listen to his words ; but he trusted that a night of agony would subdue her stubborn resolution.



“To-morrow,” said he, as he left the room, “is to be the auto-da-fé. One night more have you to reflect. To-morrow you will hear the very tumult of the procession that carries your father to his death; you will almost hear the groans from his funeral pile. I leave you to yourself; think whether you can stand all this without shrinking. Think whether you can endure the reflection that you were the cause of his death, and that merely from a perversity in refusing proffered happiness.”

What a night was it to Inez! Her heart already harassed, and almost broken by repeated and protracted anxieties and terrors; her form wasted, and nearly exhausted. On every side horrors surrounded her; there seemed to be no escape from misery and perdition. “Is there no relief from man! no pity in heaven!” exclaimed she. “What—what have we done that we should be thus wretched?” All night long she paced her chamber, her mind in a whirl of anguish and dismay. As the dawn approached, she heard the distant tread of footsteps in the street, and the

confused murmur of voices. She fancied it the early stir of the populace, always eager in Spain for this horrid ceremony. At sunrise the great bell of the cathedral began to toll its awful notes of funeral preparation. Every stroke seemed to beat upon her heart, and inflict an absolute corporeal pang. Her blood grew hot in her veins; her tongue was parched; she panted and gasped rather than breathed. "Blessed virgin!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands, and turning up her strained eyes, "look down with pity, and support me in this hour of agony!"

All Granada was in agitation on the morning of this dismal day. The heavy bell of the cathedral continued to utter its clanging tones, that pervaded every part of the city, summoning all persons to the tremendous spectacle that was about to be exhibited. The streets through which the procession was to pass were crowded with the populace. The windows, the roofs, every place that would admit a face or a foothold, was alive with spectators. In the great square a spacious scaffolding, like an amphithea-

tre, was erected, where the sentences of the prisoners were to be read, and the sermon of faith to be preached ; and close by were the stakes prepared, where the condemned were to be burnt to death. Seats were arranged for the great, the gay, the beautiful ; for such is the horrible curiosity of human nature, that this cruel sacrifice was attended with more eagerness than a theatre, or even a ball feast.

As the day advanced, the scaffolds and balconies were filled with expecting multitudes ; the sun shone brightly upon fair faces and gallant dresses ; one would have thought it some scene of elegant festivity, instead of an exhibition of human agony and death. But what a different spectacle and ceremony was this, from those which Granada exhibited in the days of her Moorish splendour. “ Her galas, her tournaments, her sports of the ring, her fêtes of St. John, her music, her Zambras, and admirable tilts with canes ! Her serenades, her concerts, her songs in Generaliffe ! The costly liveries of the Abencerrages ; their exquisite inventions ;

the skill and valour of the Alabeces ; the superb dresses of the Zegries, Mazas, and Gomelez !”\*

All these were at an end. The days of chivalry were over. Instead of the prancing cavalcade, with neighing steed and lively trumpet ; with burnished lance, and helm, and buckler ; with rich confusion of plume, and scarf, and banner, where purple, and scarlet, and green, and orange, and every gay colour were mingled with cloth of gold and fair embroidery ; instead of this crept on the gloomy pageant of superstition, in cowl and sackcloth, with cross and coffin, and frightful symbols of human suffering. In place of the frank, hardy knight, open and brave, with his lady's favour in his casque, and amorous motto on his shield, looking by gallant deeds to the smile of beauty, came the shaven, unmanly monk, with down-cast eyes, and head and heart bleached in the cold cloister, secretly exulting in this bigot triumph.

The sound of the bells gave notice that the

\* Rodd's Civil Wars of Granada.

dismal procession was advancing. It passed slowly through the principal streets of the city, bearing in advance the awful banner of the holy office. The prisoners walked singly, attended by confessors, and guarded by familiars of the inquisition. They were clad in different garments, according to the nature of their punishments; those who were to suffer death wore the hideous samarra, painted with flames and demons. The procession was swelled by choirs of boys, by different religious orders and public dignitaries, and above all, by the fathers of the faith, moving "with slow pace and profound gravity, truly triumphing, as becomes the principal generals of that great victory."\*

As the much dreaded banner of the inquisition advanced, the countless throng sunk on their knees before it; they bowed their faces to the very earth as it passed, and then slowly rose again, like a great undulating billow. A murmur of tongues prevailed as the prisoners approached; and eager eyes were strained, and

\* Gonsalvius, p. 135.

fingers pointed, to distinguish the different orders of penitents whose habits denoted the degree of punishment they were to undergo. But as those drew near whose frightful garb marked them as destined to the flames, the noise of the rabble subsided ; they seemed almost to hold in their breaths ; filled with that strange and dismal interest with which we contemplate a human being on the verge of suffering and death.

It is an awful thing, a voiceless, noiseless, multitude. The hushed and gazing stillness of the surrounding thousands, heaped on walls, and gates, and roofs, and hanging as it were in clusters, heightened the effect of the pageant that moved drearily on. The low murmuring of the priests could now be heard in prayer and exhortation, with the faint responses of the prisoners, and now and then the voices of the choir at a distance chanting the litanies of the saints.

The faces of the prisoners were ghastly and disconsolate. Even those who had been pardoned, and wore the sanbenito or penitential garment, bare traces of the horrors they had under-

gone. Some were feeble and tottering from long confinement ; some crippled and distorted by various tortures ; every countenance was a dismal page on which might be read the secrets of their prison house. But in the looks of those condemned to death, there was something fierce and eager. They seemed men harrowed up by the past, and desperate as to the future. They were anticipating, with spirits fevered by despair and fixed and clenched determination, the vehement struggle with agony and death which they were shortly to undergo. Some cast now and then a wild and anguished look about them, upon the shining day ; “ the sunbright palaces ; ” the gay, the beautiful world which they were soon to quit for ever ; or a glance of sudden indignation at the thronging thousands, happy in liberty and life, who seemed, in contemplating their frightful situation, to exult in their own comparative security.

One among the condemned, however, was an exception to these remarks. He was an aged man somewhat bowed down, with a serene

though dejected countenance, and a beaming melancholy eye. It was the alchymist. The populace looked upon him with a degree of compassion, which they were not prone to feel towards criminals condemned by the inquisition ; but when they were told he was convicted of the crime of magic, they drew back with awe and abhorrence.

The procession had reached the grand square. The first part had already mounted the scaffold, and the condemned were approaching. The press of the populace became excessive, and was repelled, as it were in billows, by the guards. Just as the condemned were entering the square, a shrieking was heard among the crowd. A female, pale, frantic, dishevelled, was seen struggling through the multitude. " My father ! my father !" was all the cry she uttered ; but it thrilled through every heart. The crowd instinctively drew back, and made way for her as she advanced.

The poor alchymist had made his peace with Heaven, and by hard struggle had closed his



heart upon the world, when the voice of his child called him once more back to worldly thought and agony. He turned towards the well-known voice ; his knees smote together ; he endeavoured to stretch forth his pinioned arms, and felt himself clasped in the embraces of his child. The emotions of both were too agonizing for utterance ; convulsive sobs and broken exclamations, and embraces more of anguish than tenderness, were all that passed between them. The procession was interrupted for a moment. The astonished monks and familiars were filled with involuntary respect at this agony of natural affection. Ejaculations of pity broke from the crowd, touched by the filial piety, the extraordinary and hopeless anguish, of so young and beautiful a being.

Every attempt to soothe her, and prevail on her to retire, was unheeded ; at length they endeavoured to separate her from her father by force. The movement roused her from her temporary abandonment.

With a sudden paroxysm of fury she snatched

a sword from one of the familiars. Her late pale countenance was flushed with rage, and fire flashed from her once soft and languishing eyes. The guards shrunk back with awe. There was something in this filial frenzy, this feminine tenderness wrought up to desperation, that touched even their hardened hearts. They endeavoured to pacify her, but in vain. Her eye was eager and quick as the she wolf's guarding her young; with one arm she pressed her father to her bosom, with the other she menaced every one that approached.

The patience of the guards was very soon exhausted. They had held back in awe, but not in fear. With all her desperation, the weapon was soon wrested from her feeble hand, and she was borne shrieking and struggling among the crowd. The rabble murmured compassion; but such was the dread inspired by the inquisition, that no one attempted to interfere.

The procession again resumed its march. Inez was ineffectually struggling to release herself from the hands of the familiars that detained

her, when suddenly she saw Don Ambrosio before her. "Wretched girl," exclaimed he with fury, "why have you fled from your friends? Deliver her," said he to the familiars, "to my domestics; she is under my protection."

His creatures advanced to seize her. "Oh no! Oh no!" cried she with new terrors, and clinging to the familiars, "I have fled from no friends. He is not my protector! He is the murderer of my father!"

The familiars were perplexed; the crowd pressed on with eager curiosity. "Stand off!" cried the fiery Ambrosio, dashing the throng from around him. Then turning to the familiars with sudden moderation—"my friends," said he, "deliver this poor girl to me. Her distress has turned her brain; she has escaped from her friends and protectors this morning, during the confusion of the house as the procession went by. A little quiet and kind treatment will restore her to tranquillity."

"I am not mad! I am not mad!" cried she vehemently. "Oh save me, save me, from

these men ; I have no protector on earth but my father, and him they are murdering !”

The familiars shook their heads ; her wildness corroborated the assertions of Don Ambrosio, and his apparent rank commanded respect and belief. They relinquished their charge to him, and he was consigning the struggling Inez to his creatures. “ Let go your hold, villain !” cried a voice from among the crowd, and Antonio was seen eagerly tearing his way through the press of people.

“ Seize him ! seize him !” cried Don Ambrosio to the familiars. “ ’Tis an accomplice of the sorcerer.”

“ Liar !” retorted Antonio, as he thrust the mob to the right and left, and forced himself to the spot.

The sword of Don Ambrosio flashed in an instant from the scabbard ; the student was armed, and equally alert. There was a fierce clash of weapons ; the crowd made way for them as they fought, and closed again, so as to hide them from the view of Inez. All was

tumult and confusion for a moment ; when there was a kind of shout from the spectators, and the mob again opening, she beheld, as she thought, Antonio weltering in his blood.

This new shock was too great for her already overstrained intellects. A giddiness seized upon her ; every thing seemed to whirl before her eyes ; she gasped some incoherent words, and sunk senseless upon the ground.

Days, weeks, elapsed before Inez returned to consciousness. At length she opened her eyes as if out of a troubled sleep. She was lying upon a magnificent bed, in a chamber richly furnished with pier glasses and massive tables inlaid with silver of exquisite workmanship. The walls were covered with tapestry ; the cornices richly gilded ; through the door, which stood open, she perceived a superb saloon, with statues and chrystal lustres, and a magnificent suite of apartments beyond. The casements of the room were open to admit the soft breath of summer, which stole in laden with perfumes from a neighbouring garden ; from whence,

also, the refreshing sounds of fountains, and the sweet notes of birds came in mingled music to her ears. Female attendants were moving with noiseless step about the apartment ; but as she gazed around in silent wonder, her eye rested upon a new object of interest. In a chair at the head of her bed, sat a venerable form, watching over her with a look of fond anxiety. It was her father. I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued, nor the moments of rapture which more than repaid all the sufferings her affectionate heart had undergone. As soon as their feelings had become more calm, the alchymist stepped out of the room to introduce a stranger to whom they were indebted for their lives and liberties. He returned leading in Antonio, no longer in his poor scholar's garb, but in the rich dress of a nobleman.

The feelings of Inez were nearly overpowered by the sudden reverses ; and it was some time before she was sufficiently calm to comprehend the explanation of this seeming romance. It appeared that the lover who had sought her

affections in the lowly guise of a student, was only son and heir of a powerful grandee of Valentia. Some youthful irregularities had drawn on him the displeasure of his father. He had absented himself from home and remained incognito at Granada ; with a full resolve by study and self regulation to reinstate himself in his father's favour. How hard he had studied does not remain on record. All that we know is his romantic adventure of the tower.

It was at first a mere youthful caprice, excited by a glimpse of a beautiful face. In becoming a disciple of the alchymist he probably thought of nothing more than pursuing a light love adventure. Farther acquaintance, however, completely fixed his affections. In the mean time he had been traced to his concealment. His father had recieved intelligence, doubtless from Don Ambrosio, of his being entangled in the snares of a mysterious adventurer and his daughter. Trusty emissaries had been sent to seize upon him and convey him by force to the paternal home.

What eloquence he used with his father to convince him of the perfect innocence and noble descent of the alchymist and of the exalted worth of his daughter, does not appear. All that we know is that the father, though a very passionate, was a very reasonable man, as appears by his consenting that his son should return to Granada, and conduct Inez, as his affianced bride, to Valentia. On his arrival he had been shocked at finding the tower deserted, and reading the alchymist's name on the list of the condemned at the auto-da-fé. He arrived just in time to save him from the flames. It was Don Ambrosio that had fallen in their contest. Being severely wounded, and thinking his end approaching, he had confessed to one of the fathers of the inquisition that he was the sole cause of the alchymist's condemnation, and that the evidence on which it was founded was altogether false. The testimony of Don Antonio came in corroboration of his innocence, and as he was a relation of the grand inquisitor's, it perhaps had more than usual weight. Thus the poor alchy-



mist was in a manner snatched from the very flames, and so great had been the sympathy excited in his case, that for once the populace rejoiced in being disappointed of an execution.

The residue of this story may readily be imagined by any one versed in this valuable kind of history. Don Antonio married the lovely Inez, and took her and her father with him to Valentia. As she had been a loving and dutiful daughter, so she proved a true and tender wife. It was not long before he succeeded to his father's titles and estates, and he and his fair spouse were renowned for being the handsomest and happiest couple in all Valentia.

As to Don Ambrosio, he partially recovered to the enjoyment of a broken constitution and a blasted name, and hid his remorse and disgraces in a convent.

The worthy alchymist took up his abode with his children. A pavilion in their garden was assigned to him as a laboratory, where he resumed his researches after the grand secret. He was now and then assisted by his son-in-law,

but the latter slackened grievously in his zeal and diligence, after marriage ; still he would listen with profound gravity and attention to the old man's quotations from Paracelsus, Sandivogius, and Peter D'Abano, which daily grew longer and longer. In this way the good alchemist lived on quietly and comfortably, to what is called a good old age, that is to say, an age that is good for nothing ; and, unfortunately for mankind, was hurried out of life in his ninetieth year, just as he was on the point of discovering the philosopher's stone.

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SUCH was the story of the captain's friend ; which whiled away the whole morning very tolerably. The captain was every now and then interrupted by questions and remarks, which I have not mentioned lest I should break the continuity of the tale.

He was also a little disturbed once or twice by the general, who fell asleep and breathed

rather hard, to the great horror and annoyance of Lady Lillycraft. In a long and tender love passage, also, which was particularly to her ladyship's taste, the unlucky general having his head a little sunk upon his breast, kept making a sound at regular intervals, very much like the word *pish*, long drawn out. At length he made an odd guttural sound that suddenly woke him; he hemmed, looked about with a slight degree of consternation, and then began to play with her ladyship's work bag, which, however, she rather pettishly withdrew. The steady sound of the captain's voice, however, was too potent a soporific for the poor general; he kept gleaming up, and sinking in the socket, until the cessation of the tale again roused him, when he started awake, put his foot down upon Lady Lillycraft's cur, the sleeping Beauty, which yelled and seized him by the leg, and in a moment the whole library resounded with yelpings and exclamations. Never did a man more completely mar his fortunes while he was asleep. Silence was at length restored, all the company

expressed their thanks to the captain, and gave various opinions of the story. The parson said he should have liked to have heard more of the leaden manuscript dug up at Granada. The general said he could not well make out the drift of the story ; he thought it a little confused. I am glad, however, said he, that they burnt the old chap of the tower, for I have no doubt he was a notorious impostor.

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